

THE
SAINT PAULS MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1873.

THE OWL'S NEST IN THE CITY.

CHAPTER IV.

"Each hath his place and function to attend :
I am left out : for me nothing remains."—SHAKESPEARE.

"O forbid it, God,
That in a Christian climate, souls refined
Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !"—IBID.

ONE week more, and Dick was gone.

No words could describe what that parting was to me, nor the desolation of my solitary existence after his departure. In comparison with the aching void left in my heart then, the weary years I had passed with him at X Court might have been called happy. I had no one to love, no one to care for me, no one even to speak to. I had never cared much for James's society in the past, but how gladly would I have accepted his companionship now ! But even this solace was denied me. Since the first night of my arrival in that house, Dick and I had shared the same bedroom, and James had continued to sleep in the small curtainless bed where we had left him to his fate on that occasion. At breakfast of course I saw him ; but in the repressive presence of his father and Mr. Earle. He dined with his father at an eating-house in the City, and when he came upstairs after office hours at night, he retired with a bundle of papers into his father's private room, where he generally remained till bedtime. My existence appeared to be forgotten by everybody.

For the first two or three days after Dick left, my spirits were somewhat sustained by the constant anticipation that Mr. Earle's ward would soon arrive ; but two months passed away, and as I heard no more on the subject, I concluded that Mr. Earle had made some different arrangement. When this hope vanished, I sank into such a state of hopeless despondency, that I really believe it was only

my absolute lack of the requisite physical energy that prevented me from cutting short an existence so intolerable, by suicide.

I tried walking about the streets, but I had never been accustomed to walk without the support of Dick's strong arm, and though I had ceased to use my crutch in the house, I found I could not go far without it. I had not money enough to spend in cabs, and after two or three attempts, I gave up the idea of going out altogether; I passed the greater part of the day sitting on the window-seat that looked into the court, with a book in my hand, idly watching those who came and went, wondering for whom the letters were destined that I saw the postman take to the different houses, and whether there was any one else in the court as dull and useless as I was.

I became accustomed to consider my dinner a great event, and I contrived to prolong the meal to the utmost by reading as I eat; but Mrs. Withers soon found it too much trouble to lay the cloth downstairs for me only, and I was then compelled to eat my ill-dressed, unsightly meals at the greasy kitchen-table with her.

At first this was intolerable to me; but after a while I not only accustomed myself to her society, but even sank so low as to prefer it, and to join her of an evening in the consumption of the deleterious contents of the black teapot. I may, however, say in my excuse that at first I only remained in the kitchen as the warmest place, and took a sip or two of the "*blue ruin*" she loved, in order to put her at her ease and induce her to take her usual solace in my presence; but after a while I acquired a liking and desire for the physical stimulus of the dram itself. I soon found another attraction in Mrs. Withers' society, as unexpected as it was exciting to me. I had discovered that the effect of the old woman's evening potations upon her intellect and temper varied, according to their number and strength. In the first period of their influence, she was rather quarrelsome, and disposed to resent my remaining in the kitchen an unsolicited guest, and witness of her proceedings; then she would become tender and pitiful of my lonely and neglected state; and when I succeeded, as I soon learnt to do, in deceiving her as to the amount she had imbibed, and inducing her to exceed the quantity she had marked out for herself, her tongue became unloosened, her withered cheek flushed, her intellect sharpened, and forgetting her habits of secrecy and discretion, she would speak of the dismal secrets of the family, and allude to sorrow past, and wrong done, until she had roused my curiosity almost to frenzy. My days were agitated, and my nights feverish and restless. I clearly recognised the fact that I was injuring the poor old woman by thus increasing her drams: I could see how nervous and exhausted she appeared in the morning when I thus stimulated and excited her at night, but I could not forbear: I was determined I would never rest till I knew all she knew, and this determination was strengthened by the dis-

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covery I quickly made that a portion of her secret concerned Dick. Gradually the whole dismal story of the past became clear to me. That story, pieced together from the old woman's disjointed confidences, was as follows :—

Stephen and Mary Earle were the children of Squire Earle, of B—— Grange, in Somersetshire ; Stephen by his first, and Mary by his second wife. The Squire, who was, Withers told me, “dreadful wild” in his youth, had sadly neglected Stephen’s mother, who died young. After her death the Squire continued his evil courses until “what with women, what with racing, and what with gambling,” B—— Grange came to the hammer. The Squire indeed was a ruined man, and compelled to sell every acre he possessed, except a small farm, which was so strictly entailed on Stephen, that his father could not sell it. To this farm the Squire betook himself, and lived there in great seclusion for two years. B—— Grange, with its pleasure grounds, but without the rest of the estate, had been bought by a retired Scotch merchant named McGregor. How it came to pass no one knew, but Mary McGregor, the only child and heiress of this gentleman, fell in love with the Squire, and married him within one month of her father’s death, which happened in the second year of their occupation of B—— Grange. Miss McGregor, a younger sister of the Scotch merchant, and the only surviving relative of the heiress, was excessively indignant at the match ; she refused to be present at the wedding, and returned to Scotland in great ire, telling her niece she would live to repent bestowing her father’s hard-earned money upon a broken-down *roué* and gambler ; for so she called the Squire, though he was scarcely fifty, and, according to old Withers’s report, “as fine a man to look at, Ned, as ever you’d meet on a long summer’s day. And he was an altered man, too, after he married,” she continued, “and never seemed to care for none of his old ways again ; and it is like they might have been very happy, but his young wife died, worse luck, when Mary—that’s your aunt—was born. Well, everybody thought the Squire would go right out of his mind with grief ; he wouldn’t so much as look at the poor baby, and as I had just lost my poor little one, the servants, remembering that I had nursed Stephen, thought it natural like to bring the poor thing to me.

“My father had been head gamekeeper to the Squire before he sold his estate, and I had married the under keeper ; we were now in the service of Lord M——, whose place was next to the Squire’s, and who bought most of the land when the sale was.

“Stephen had been sent to the grammar school at S——, and I mind the master always said what a sharp lad he was, and sure enough he turned out a deal too sharp for any of us, worse luck. The Squire went away to foreign parts, and the Grange was shut up

for years and years, and Mary stayed with me. When she was pretty near eight years old, the Squire came back without giving any notice, and came straight to our cottage—he had known the way well in my father's time, when it all belonged to him—and asked to see the baby. Just then little Mary came in for her tea, and the Squire cried like a child at the mere sight of her, and took her in his arms and asked her if she would go home with him. But she wouldn't stir a step without me, so the Squire paid my husband handsome, there and then, to let me go up to the Grange to live, to take care of her. And sure enough there was nothing except the money to make me stay; for if ever child was petted, and given way to, and spoiled outright, it was Mary. From having had her with me from a baby, I could do more with her than anybody else; but the servants couldn't abide her, for she soon found out that the Squire always took her part, and she treated them as if they were her born slaves. She had plenty of masters and mistresses, but I don't think she ever really learned much; for if they vexed her or tired her any way, she used to say her head ached, and the Squire was like to go out of his wits if ever she seemed pale, or even cross like.

"He used to say that when she was eighteen he should take her to London, and have her presented at Court, and that her beauty would buy back the rest of the family acres; and everybody knew he had made his will, making her his heir of all he had left, except Deane Farm, and that he couldn't leave. Deane Farm didn't bring in a clear two hundred a year, and most folks thought it wasn't fair to Stephen; but the Squire always said Stephen would make his own way, and that the Grange belonged to Mary of right, seeing how it had come back to him through her mother.

"When Stephen left school and came home, he and Mary quarrelled from morning till night, so the Squire packed him off again to S——, and had him put in a lawyer's office. Every soul in the neighbourhood cried out at that, but the Squire didn't care, not he.

"Stephen never came home no more till Mary was turned seventeen, and, Lord bless you, you wouldn't have known him. He flattered and petted Mary worse than any one, and talked to her of her beauty, and how she ought to hold her head high, and make up her mind not to be less than a countess, till the poor girl's head was turned worse than ever. Every day almost he took her out walking, and I noticed they always went one way, passing by the gamekeeper's house, on the land which Lord M—— had bought: where the Squire had sworn never to set his foot till it was his own again. Maybe I should have thought something wasn't altogether right, and have found out the mischief in time, if I hadn't been so full of trouble myself, but my poor husband was down with a fever, and all my thoughts was taken up with nursing. And so, though I often wondered how it was that Stephen and Mary used to pass the

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keeper's lodge, (where I was then) every day, I thought nothing amiss. Then I began to notice that though Stephen went with her, she used to come back alone, and once or twice she looked flurried like, and I thought it was queer that she always took this particular walk just when the Squire was sound asleep after dinner, and my mind began to misgive. But I was not allowed to speak to them, for fear Mary should catch the fever. One night—it was just getting dark, for the nights came on early then, being the end of October—I opened my window for a little air, and I mind I was a-thinking how soon it would be all over with my poor John, when I heard Mary's voice underneath. I listened, and made out that she was crying. Then I heard some one kissing her, and telling her to keep up her spirits, and my heart flew to my mouth, for I knew it wasn't Stephen's voice. I thought I'd go and tell the Squire, but I didn't dare.

"That very night my poor husband died, and what with the funeral and getting the cottage cleaned up for the new keeper, it was more than a fortnight before I went back to the Grange. Then I heard from the servants that the young Lord had been down at the great house for the shooting, and it all came over me at once that it was Lord M——'s son who had been with Mary that night.

"Somehow or other I got courage to tell Mary what I had heard, and to say that, whatever was between them, his lordship ought to speak out like a man.

"First of all she went into such a passion as never was seen, but when she saw I wasn't afraid as usual, she coaxed and wheedled me into holding my tongue, and told me that the secret was only to be kept for three weeks longer, till my lord was of age; that he couldn't speak out before, because his father, being a Catholic, wouldn't like the match; and then she asked me whether I shouldn't like to be lady's maid to a countess, and I don't know what more, till I promised I wouldn't say nothing, worse luck.

"But the three weeks went by, and my lord never came back, and there was never a letter nor nothing to help Mary keep up her spirits. For a while she was full of hope; then she got angry; then she took to crying at nights as if she would break her heart, and in the day she was so dull and pale that the Squire was like to go beside himself.

"But that wasn't the worst, nor nobody knew the worst but me, till one day when the Squire read aloud out of the newspaper how young Lord M—— (he had some other title, I know, but I don't rightly remember what they called him) had just been married to some grand lady or other. Poor Mary fell down on the ground as if she'd been struck by lightning, and when she came to, she'd clean lost her wits. She raved about her child as if it had been born already, and begged and prayed the Squire and Stephen and me to go and fetch my lord, in a way that it would have broken any one's heart to hear her.

"But the Squire cursed both him and her, and rushed away out of the room like one mad; and never shall I forget Stephen's look then, nor the smile he had on his face as he watched him go.

"Still he did seem sorry for his sister, too, and said to me over and over again that he never thought it would come to that.

"God only knows what you thought, sir, nor what you did," I says to him; 'the girl's ruined, that's all I know; and the family, that has always held up its head as respectable as any in Somersetshire, is ruined too, worse luck.

"Good God, Mrs. Withers, that's true!" he said; 'there isn't a cur in the village that won't yelp at our heels now.'

"Then he and I laid our heads together to see what could be done to hush the thing up; and we talked of one thing and another, till all at once Stephen said—

"I've got it, Withers! I'll carry her upstairs now into her own room; and you'll give out to the servants that she's had a fit, and don't let anyone go into the room but yourself, mind, for the life of you. Keep everything dark for a little while, and I'll find a way to save our good name yet.'

"All that night the Squire kept himself to himself, shut up in his own room, and he wouldn't so much as answer a word, good or bad, when Stephen knocked at his door to speak with him.

"Next morning early I heard him go downstairs; and though I didn't dare show my face, I watched him out of the house into the shrubbery; and I went and called Stephen, and he followed him. It was hours and hours before the Squire came back into the house. Then I made bold to carry him some breakfast; but when I saw his face, the look of him frightened me. He seemed all shrunken away like, into a poor, trembling old man.

"I hadn't the heart to say anything to him; but I went to look for Stephen, to tell him that Mary was herself like, and quiet. But the other servants told me Stephen had taken his father's horse—he'd as soon have thought of riding the moon as riding his father's horse before that day—and gone to S——.

"Next day, when he came back, before he went to his father's room, he came upstairs to me to ask how Mary was. I told him she was quite herself, but that she never opened her lips.

"That will do," says he; 'make her get up and dress herself. All will come right yet.'

"Well, I couldn't make her stir; but I'd given way to her all her life, so it wasn't likely I should begin to be mistress over her then.

"Stephen came upstairs again in an hour, and went into her room. I could hear her answer him sharp enough at first, like she used to do in the old days; but he mastered her somehow at last—God knows how!

"When he came out again, he said to me—

"Go and dress her, Withers; she won't make any more difficulties."

"And sure enough she let me dress her, as quiet as a lamb, though the tears were running down her cheeks all the while. I could see she was making up her mind to something; but she never said a word to me.

"Presently the great bell rang, and I looked out of the window and saw young Prescott—that's your uncle, Ned—driving up the sweep in a gig. Prescott was clerk to the same lawyer that Stephen had been with at S——. When I said who it was Mary shivered all over, and, throwing her arms round my neck, she began crying again as if her heart would break, and saying: 'Oh, Withers! I can't—I can't!' till I began crying, too, for company, though I didn't guess what she meant.

"Then up came Stephen again, and said she was to go downstairs directly.

"Lord bless you, sir,' says I; 'just look what a state she's in.'

"But he went up to Mary, and, taking her by the wrist, he said—

"Now, Mary, this is no time for nonsense. The young man's here. Am I to say yes or no?"

"Poor Mary shook like a leaf, and she looked up at him one moment so pitiful that I don't know how he could bear it; but he kept on saying—

"Yes or no? Choose for yourself, you know! Yes or no?"

"Then all at once she started up and said 'Yes.' And I bathed her eyes with eau-de-cologne, and she went downstairs with Stephen. I could hear him talking to her all the way, telling her all he did was for her own good, and the like; but I think she didn't rightly hear him, nor know what she was about.

"My mind misgave me that Stephen would make matters worse for everyone but himself, and I went and listened at the door; but I couldn't hear what they said. Then I sat on the stairs, just at the corner in the dark, where no one could see me, till the Squire and Stephen and Prescott all came out together; and I heard the Squire say—

"Well, Mr. Prescott, since this matter is settled, there is no occasion you and I should meet again until the day."

"Prescott bowed, but he didn't say a word; and I saw him get into the gig again and drive away; and I mind how Stephen stood looking after him, smiling to himself, and rubbing his hands. As for the Squire, he went back to his own room again without a word, good or bad, to anyone.

"Next morning Stephen went off on a journey, and he was gone pretty near a fortnight. All that time the Squire stayed in his own room, and Mary stayed in hers; and they never so much as saw each other except at meals, when the servants were in the room. Every

one of the servants had something to say, but never one of 'em guessed the real truth.

"When Stephen came back, Mary and I were packed off to Miss McGregor in Scotland. How Stephen had managed to get her into the plot, I don't know; for she had never taken any sort of notice of the family since the day she left the Grange, just before Mary's mother was married to the Squire, in spite of her. I suppose it was her pride that made her willing to help to hush things up, for they say the Scotch are awful proud.

"Mary had a hard time of it while we were there; for every time Prescott came a-courting—which he had to do for the look of the thing—she was like to go into a fit. She, that had always had her own way in every single thing, found it mortal hard to stoop now. She and Miss McGregor quarrelled from morning to night, for her aunt was never tired of telling her how she ought to be ready for any sacrifice to hide her shame; and sure enough they must have given Prescott a pretty sum to make him put up with all he had to bear. Never a day passed that I did not expect him to be off his bargain; but married they were at the end of the month, worse luck! and the Squire came to the wedding, so that people shouldn't talk. I heard tell, too, that Stephen had the bells rung and bonfires lighted at the old place, to throw dust in people's eyes.

"When the Squire came, I could see plain enough that his troubles was nearly over. He hung down his head and walked with a stick, which I never saw him do before. He said never a word to Mary; but I most think that was her fault, for she held her head high, and sulked like. Miss McGregor spoke softer to the Squire than ever I thought it was in her to do; but folks did say she had wanted him for herself once, for all she had talked so against him. But, whether or no, I am sure anybody's heart must have ached to see how broken down he looked.

"When the coach came to the door, after the breakfast—and, lord! what a breakfast that was!—I don't believe anyone ate a mouthful, but for show, like—Mary walked away, very proud and stiff; but when she got to the door, she turned round all at once and looked at the Squire. I suppose there was something in his look that broke her spirit, for she ran up to him, and threw herself on her knees before him, calling out—

"*'Oh, father! father! kiss me before I go.'*

"The Squire stretched out his arms towards her, and we all of us thought he tried to bid God bless her; but no one could be sure what he meant to say, for he fell down in a fit of some sort, and though he lived for two days after that, he never spoke again, and I doubt if he rightly knew any of us. We wrote to Stephen; and he and old Potter, the lawyer from S——, came to Miss McGregor's with the will. When Potter began to read it, Stephen stopped him, and told

him, very sharp, he was making a mistake, and had no need to read the old will.

"'Old will!' says Potter. 'Your father never made any other will than this, that I know of.'

"Well, Stephen cursed and swore like mad that it was all a trick, and that the Squire had solemnly promised him to make a new will, leaving the Grange to him; but the old lawyer declared the Squire had never made any will but the one he had there, which he declared he had drawn up himself just after Mary was born, and in which every stick and stone of her mother's property was left her in her own right. Stephen was in such a rage that he was very near letting the cat out of the bag, after all; for he turned to Prescott, and said—

"'You know as well as I do that the bargain was that you were to get Miss McGregor's money down, and I was to have the Grange.'

"Prescott pretended he did not know what he meant, and I could see the old lawyer pricked up his ears when he heard talk of a bargain, and then Miss McGregor said, 'My money isn't paid down yet, Mr. Stephen, and I'll stand by you; for you are the only son, and it's my opinion the property ought to have gone to you.'

"Then Stephen seemed to take heart to put a good face on the matter; for he said he wished Prescott joy of his good luck. I suppose the truth of the matter was, that Stephen had worked upon the old Squire to make the promise just when he was in the worst of his rage, but that afterwards the old man hadn't the heart to keep his word.

"When Prescott came back from his wedding trip, he and Miss McGregor and Stephen were closeted together for hours and hours, and quarrelling like mad all the time; but I know the end of it was that things went against Prescott, for what could he do against Stephen, and with Miss McGregor to back him, too? At last it was settled we were all to come to London together; poor Mary begged me not to leave her, and Stephen and Prescott both said they'd make it worth my while; for they didn't want no other servants to tittle-tattle their affairs all over the neighbourhood. I had none of my own left to care for, and I'd always been used to take care of poor Mary ever since she was a baby, so it seemed natural like to stop with her then.

"Well, it wasn't till we got to London, and I saw *Prescott and Earle* painted up on the door below, that I knew the two were to be partners, but I'm pretty sure it was Miss McGregor who managed that.

"There was little business enough at first, and only two clerks in the office, just for show; but now the office is full of them, and neither your uncle nor Stephen don't seem to have even a thought in their heads but money-getting, though the Lord knows what good

their money does them, living in the hugger-muggering way they do, and never a creature to visit them from year's end to year's end.

"Poor Dick was born a month after we came here, worse luck, and your uncle took such a dislike to the child, that if Mary had led him a dog's life when we were in Scotland before marriage, sure enough he paid her off then. Sometimes I almost thought Mary herself wished the poor baby dead. Still it is my belief that your uncle would have been kind to Mary if she would have let him, like; but she regular despised him, and angered him till matters grew so bad between them that Mary ran away, and then—Lord bless us!—I thought Prescott would have gone out of his mind. If he'd loved her ever so much he couldn't have been at more trouble to find her. And find her he did at last, and brought her back; but the Lord knows that, after that, her life was worse than before, for she was shut up for all the world like a prisoner in a jail till after James was born. It's pretty sure that matters might have mended then, if poor Mary could have kept her temper, or held her tongue; for your uncle loved the boy from the first, and even grew kinder to Dick. But Mary couldn't bear the poor baby, and it was a puny and sickly thing to be sure. She didn't nurse it, nor scarcely look at it, and that made Prescott savage again.

"When James was two years old, Mary ran away again, but I always thought Stephen was at the bottom of it that time; for they used to be shut up together, talking, and signing papers, and such like, whenever Prescott was out. I never said anything—where would have been the good?—but I thought Stephen was up to some mischief.

"However, he pretended to be as surprised as anybody when Mary was missed, and told Prescott it was all his own fault for making the house like a hell. What makes me think he managed it is, that all your uncle could do he never got no clue to her this time. But a year afterwards there came a letter to Stephen from a priest somewhere in foreign parts—I don't rightly know where—to say she was dead. They said, too, she turned a Catholic before she died; maybe she did, for she'd always had a fancy for their outlandish religion ever since she knew Lord M—. The same priest told Stephen in the letter the name of the lawyer that had her will. And sure enough there the will was, leaving everything to Stephen, and nothing at all to poor Dick.

"I always pitied poor Mary, and loved her too, through all her tempers, for well I knew how the Squire had spoiled her when she was a girl, and what a life she had led of it since; but I could not get over that. It didn't seem like a mother to leave that poor innocent boy to be beaten and bullied by Prescott, who hated him, natural like; but you may be sure Stephen was somehow at the bottom of it, for didn't he get the Grange by it, though what good does it do him?

The place is let to strangers, and he lives here all the year round just as he did before. I always thought Mary would leave it to Dick, to make amends like ; but bless you the poor lad don't so much as know there is such a place, and all his thought is to be a soldier. I never did believe till it came to the point, that Stephen would buy him a commission, and once or twice I almost thought I'd make bold myself to call upon Lord M—— about it ; but it's well I didn't, for the lad's so proud like, that if folks should ever know, and come to jeer and mock at him because he is only a love-child, why he might do himself a mischief, and that would be a pity, for he's a fine fellow to look at, and may make a figure some day if nothing shouldn't never come out ; and it ain't his own fault that he's nobody's son like, worse luck."

CHAPTER V.

"But that it eats our victuals, I should think
This were a fairy."—SHAKESPEARE.

I BELIEVE it would be almost impossible for any one, who has passed a tolerably varied existence, to realise the effect of Mrs. Withers's indiscreet confidences upon one brought up as I had been. Naturally fanciful and nervous, these defects had been increased by my physical weakness, and by the unnatural life I had led during my mournful boyhood. After Dick's departure had left me companionless, I had gradually accustomed myself to seek refuge from the intolerable monotony of X Court in a dream-land of my own creation, which I naturally endeavoured to render as unlike the reality as possible. This resource was now denied me, for the knowledge of the ugly truths of Mrs. Withers's tale oppressed me so much as to deprive my own imaginings of all power to charm, and, by dwelling incessantly upon one painful subject, I reduced myself to a condition of positive mental disease. This morbid state of mind was darkened by the conviction I felt, that although Mrs. Withers had probably told me all she knew, she had certainly not told me all she suspected. She still occasionally threw out dark hints against Earle, which kept my curiosity on the stretch ; but no entreaties could prevail upon her to speak more plainly. She would shake her head at times, and say, "It ain't all plain and above board even now. Mary never left the Grange away from Dick for nothing ;" but when I urged her to explain her meaning, she would grow irritable and suspicious, and say, "Lord, don't talk nonsense, lad ; don't bother me about Stephen ; what should I know of his doings ? You don't suppose he tells nothing to the likes of me, do you ?"

At length the unexpected happiness of Dick's return to spend a week at X Court turned my thoughts for a while from Mrs.

Withers's revelations. He had only been nine months away, yet he appeared much struck with the change in my health, and although the contrast from the activity and excitement of his new life must have made X Court appear more dreary than ever to him, he devoted himself to me precisely as he had done in the old days ; revisited, apparently with as much pleasure as I did, our old haunts at Hampstead and Highgate, and listened, with all his former patience, if not with all his former faith, to my visions of a poetic fame, never, alas, to be realised !

On one of these occasions we met two young officers with whom Dick had lately made acquaintance—Lieutenant Beauchamp and Captain St. John, scions of an aristocracy which I had never learned to consider "*bloated*," and whom I regarded, although they were ignorant, trifling youngsters enough, as glorified beings of a superior race ; so that I wondered greatly to see Dick so calm under the immortal honour of walking and talking with them for half an hour, under the gaze of the plebeian crowd of donkey-drivers and nursery-maids upon Hampstead Heath.

When we returned to X Court, however, my spirits sank below their ordinary level. Wearied with the unusual exertion of the walk, and depressed by the thought that on the Monday following (it was then Saturday) my hero must return to the scene of his glory at W—, where his regiment was quartered, so that I should be again alone, I threw myself upon the hideous old horsehair sofa—the rack of that torture-chamber—in a fit of gloom I could not overcome. Dick seated himself near me, and endeavoured to rouse me by proposing that I should repeat verses to him, or tell him the plan of a tale, as it had been my wont to do in past times. Then lighting his now unprohibited cigar, he settled himself to listen.

The day was drawing to its close ; the sky was overcast, the air oppressively hot, while bright and constant flashes of lightning announced a coming storm. A strange, perverse impulse prompted me to relate to Dick the story of his own birth. I struggled against it, but it was too strong to be resisted ; I tried to shape together the incidents of a tale I had lately read ; in vain. Dick's story seemed to force itself upon my memory, to the exclusion of every other ; and, as it were in spite of myself, I related to him a highly coloured, melodramatic version of the facts Mrs. Withers had told me, though I was at least sufficiently master of myself to alter the names both of places and individuals. Meanwhile the storm had increased in fury, and the room, except when illumined by the vivid flashes of lightning, was perfectly dark. It may have been the effect of the weather upon my nerves, it may have been the presence of the unconscious victim of the tale that inspired me ; but I believe I must have told it well, for Dick certainly listened with an eagerness of interest very unusual in him. Excited by the effect I pro-

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duced, and warming with my own eloquence, I was tempted to introduce a supernatural conclusion in the apparition of the dead mother to her son, to implore his forgiveness for her fault and urge him to vengeance against the unnatural brother who had twice taken such cruel advantage of her wretchedness.

"Ah," said Dick, "if I had been the fellow, I should not have wanted a voice from the dead to teach me to punish the brute."

My heart stood still within me, for as he uttered the words a vivid flash of lightning revealed to me the face of Stephen Earle standing behind the speaker. The sense of my own imprudence, combined with the ghastly effect of the weird light in which I saw his face, completely took away my self-possession. Seizing Dick's arm, with a cry of terror, I gasped out, "Dick, Dick—your uncle—he is there!"

"Well, what of that?" said Dick, coolly. "Why, Ned, how you tremble! Uncle," he added, "why don't you speak? You have frightened poor Ned out of his wits, by coming in in that silent way."

The only answer was a violent clap of thunder, during which I clung still more tightly to Dick.

"Let go, Ned," he said; "I'll light the lamp."

He shook me off, and quickly lighting the lamp, raised it to look round the room. Mr. Earle was not there, and the door was shut.

"There's no one here," he said, half angrily; "you see it's all your fancy."

"Oh no, no!" I cried, shuddering; "it was no fancy."

"Well, but even if uncle was in the room, there's nothing strange, or—why, Ned, poor Ned," he added, looking in dismay at my white face, "what can be the matter? are you ill?"

"Oh, it's nothing," said I, trying to recover myself; "I was only startled,—that's all."

I tried to laugh it off, and pretended to be persuaded that it had indeed been nothing but my own fancy; but I was uneasy and anxious at heart, for I knew that Earle must have heard Dick's words at that time. But, after all, I was not certain that he had heard my story, and if not, Dick's speech would have made no impression upon him. Moreover, the composure of Dick's manner must have convinced him that he at least had no suspicion of the truth. Then again, when I asked myself what reason he could have for stealing upon us in that way, I almost began to hope that I might have been mistaken.

I sat pondering these things in my own mind until Dick, wearied out by my silence, laid his head down upon the table and fell asleep. Then it struck me that I would go and ask Withers what time Mr. Earle had come home. It was his habit, when he returned, to ring immediately for Mrs. Withers to carry the candles, a clay pipe, and a kettle of hot water into his private room, and to sit there with

a glass of gin and water by his side, reading or writing until late in the night.

I stole softly out of the room to avoid waking Dick, and went upstairs into Mrs. Withers's kitchen.

The old woman had stirred the fire into a bright blaze, and shut the shutters, probably because the lightning frightened her, and by her side stood the black teapot I knew so well. She had, however, indulged far beyond her wont, perhaps with a view of keeping up her spirits during the storm, for when I inquired of her if Mr. Earle had come in, I could get no answer from her. She continued to doze in the high-backed, old-fashioned nursing-chair, which she had conveyed from my aunt's room into the kitchen for her own use. Her dirty cap had fallen off; her uncombed grey hair lay in straggling disorder on her shoulders, while the occasional twitchings of her begrimed and wrinkled visage, which accompanied the half-snoring sighs indicative of uneasy dreaming, rendered the poor old body a far from attractive sight.

Determined to make her answer if it were possible, I shook her roughly by the arm, saying,

"Has Mr. Earle come in?"

The old woman opened her dull eyes, and looking half sternly, half stupidly upon me, said slowly,

"Why don't Stephen see after the child?"

"The child, Withers! what child? There's no child here."

"Don't tell me," she replied, angrily, rousing herself sufficiently to take a good pull at the teapot. "I tell you there's been foul play somewhere."

Having delivered this with the oracular dignity of drunkenness, she dozed off again with her mouth wide open; nor could I, with all my efforts, obtain another articulate syllable from her.

I decided to watch Earle's looks at breakfast next morning, and note if there were any peculiarity in his manner either towards Dick or myself. I thought nothing of Mrs. Withers's words at the time; but I had too often reason to remember them afterwards.

The next day was Sunday. I was too much exhausted with the journey to Hampstead, and the emotion that had succeeded it, to go out; and Dick, unwilling to leave me on the last day, determined to stay at home also.

I saw nothing unusual in Mr. Earle's manner at breakfast time, except that he was extremely cordial to Dick, inquiring as to the progress of his studies and the acquaintances he had formed at W—, with much apparent interest. My uncle, on the contrary, appeared colder than ever; he scarcely nodded in answer to Dick's "Good morning," and continued, as usual, to read the paper in silence. James and I gazed and listened in undisguised admiration; but neither of us presumed to take any share in the conversation.

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Even in former days, Dick's absolute indifference to Mr. Earle's sneering manner, which was crushing to our weaker spirits, had been a source of mingled admiration and astonishment to us; but now that all trace even of boyish awkwardness had vanished in the handsome, self-possessed young man before us, we regarded him as a being of a different order. I believe Dick was really unconscious of the change in himself; his manner to us was precisely what it had been before; but after we had seen him actually taking the lead in conversation with Mr. Earle, and listened to with respectful attention by one who was still a sort of abhorred and dreaded potentate in our eyes, we felt it almost impossible to resume our former intimacy with him. When Earle and Prescott left the room, therefore, we had an uneasy sense that we were not equal to the occasion. How could we treat the brilliant butterfly before us with the easy familiarity that had been natural enough towards the grub? Conversation languished, books were resorted to, and the day we had intended to enjoy so much, dragged through heavily enough for us all.

In the evening Dick and I were actually reduced to kneeling on the window-seat and gazing wearily into the court below, as we had so often done when children. At last our attention was attracted by the very unusual sight (on a Sunday especially) of a cab driving in under the low archway at the other end. To our astonishment it drew up at our door. "It must be a mistake," said Dick, opening the window, "for there's a lady in the cab."

"Fancy, if it should be my uncle's Italian ward," said I, greatly excited.

Even James rose from his book at the suggestion, and came to the window.

Attracted by the light and the sound of voices at the open window, the lady looked up, and asked, in English,

"Is this Mr. Earle's?"

"This is Prescott and Earle's," answered James.

Upon hearing this the cabman rang the bell, and prepared to take down the boxes from the top of the cab; while Dick, after shouting to Mrs. Withers to put a light in the hall on the first floor, ran down the staircase to help the lady out of the cab and show her the way.

"Can it be the Italian?" said I to James; "she speaks like an Englishwoman."

At this moment she entered the room, Dick leading the way, and assuring her, in answer to her evident hesitation, that it was all right.

I believe we have most of us known, at some period of our lives, what it is to meet a person whom one has the absolute certainty of seeing for the first time, and yet to find the face so familiar as to suggest the most perplexing theories of the possibility of our having

met in some former stage of existence. Dim recollections appear to arise within us, which, in spite of ourselves, we constantly expect will assume a distinct and satisfactory form, enabling us at last to recall the occasion upon which the apparently well-known features were stamped upon our memory.

Such were my sensations as I stood gazing in bewilderment at Mr. Earle's beautiful ward. Even the very sound of her voice struck upon my ear like a remote but unforgotten music, as in a tone of dismay, not unmingled with disgust, she said to Dick,—

"Do you mean to say I am to live here?"

Neither James nor I had power to utter a syllable, but Dick replied in a tone of sympathy, "I do not wonder you are surprised; it is indeed a melancholy hole for you to come to: but of course Mr. Earle will do something to make the place more habitable now you are here." At the same time he placed the least uncomfortable of the old horsehair chairs nearer to the fire for her, and stirred the coal into a blaze.

She sat down with an air of dejection, and stretched out her little feet (how utterly fairy-like and wonderful those feet appeared to me!) to the comforting warmth; then glancing for the first time at James and me, she asked,

"Are these your brothers, Mr. Earle?"

"This is my brother James," he answered, smiling; "and this is my cousin, Edward Lovel; my name is Prescott."

It was the first time I had heard him call himself by that name since I knew the story of his birth, and I felt a pang at my heart when he said it. I hid my confusion, however, under an awkward bow.

At this moment Mrs Withers entered the room with the eternal broom in her hand, and going up to Dick said in a sullen and defiant tone,

"Come now, Dick lad, you must just carry Miss's boxes to her room yourself, for it's more than I can do."

As she concluded, her eye fell upon the face of the young stranger, who turned her head round in evident surprise at the old woman's unceremonious address. A ghastly change came over her countenance as, advancing one step nearer, and shading her eyes with her trembling hand, she ejaculated,

"The Lord save us! who are you?"

The young lady started out of her chair with a little cry like a frightened bird, but before any of us could say a word in explanation, we heard Mr. Earle's voice in the hall, calling out,

"Here, Betty Withers, come here I say; whose boxes are these? Has any lady come?"

"There is my uncle," said Dick, anxious to turn the young lady's attention from the old woman, for her varying colour showed how

much she was agitated by her strange address. "Go and get the lady's room ready, Withers," he added, gently pushing her out.

Mr. Earle entered hastily, and with certainly no look of welcome on his face, as he said,

"So you have persisted in coming over in spite of me?"

This was too much. The poor girl, who was doubtless already exhausted by her journey, and evidently painfully impressed by her new abode, even before the agitation produced by the witch-like apparition and unaccountable conduct of Mrs. Withers, burst into tears.

"Good God!" said Dick, turning fiercely on Mr. Earle, "what do you mean by receiving a guest in this way? Have patience, madam," he continued, addressing her in a soothing and respectful tone; "we are not *all* of us either mad or brutal here."

"By what right do you interfere between me and Miss Paton, sir?" said Earle, furiously.

"By the right and duty which binds a gentleman to protect a lady," said Dick, calmly.

"Gentleman, you!" sneered Earle; then recovering himself by a strong effort, he said, "You are right in reminding me that this lady is my guest, for she has acted in this matter with such utter disregard of my—I will not say commands, but of my most earnest advice, that I was driven to forget it. Believe me, Miss Paton," he continued, addressing the still sobbing girl, "I had no intention to annoy or offend you."

At this moment James, who had left the room unnoticed, re-entered with a decanter of wine, the first I had ever seen offered to a visitor in that house. He must have been to his father's room for it, for it was a luxury denied to us lads. He was too modest to offer it himself, but putting it into Dick's hand he retired behind him.

Dick gently urged a glass of wine upon the weeping girl: she took a little, and then recovering herself, she answered Mr. Earle, firmly,

"Yes, I have come because my mother——"

"Well, well," interrupted Earle, hastily, "we will not talk business to-night. I was wrong: I beg your pardon. You are, of course, heartily welcome here. But you must be tired, and we must see what we can give you for supper before you go to your room."

"Oh, I cannot eat any supper," she said; "the wine has done me good. Pray let me go to bed now; I am dreadfully tired."

After a few polite but cold words of persuasion, Mr. Earle allowed his ward to retire supperless to bed.

Dick summoned Mrs. Withers, who appeared to have recovered her usual composure, for addressing Miss Paton she said,

"This way, ma'am; there's a nice fire a-burning in your room, and it ain't neither cold nor damp, though it looks so dull like."

Miss Paton bowed gravely to us all, and then with a sad smile

that seemed to appeal to him to continue his protection, she gave her hand to Dick.

Without a word to any of us, Mr. Earle then turned on his heel and left the room.

As the door closed behind him, Dick, James, and I gazed on one another in silent consternation. "What will become of her here?" said Dick, at last, giving utterance to the thought that was in all our hearts. "What can such an exquisite, delicate creature do in this dungeon?"

At that moment we heard Mrs. Withers come out of the bedroom, and as if by common consent, though no one spoke, we all hurried out to meet her.

"Is she quieter now, Withers?" said Dick.

"She's a-crying herself to sleep, I think, poor lamb," replied the old woman, shaking her head; "and she ain't the first, neither, that has cried herself to sleep in that room, worse luck."

(To be continued.)

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FINDING THE WAY AT SEA.

THE wreck of the *Atlantic*, followed closely by that of the *City of Washington* nearly on the same spot, has led many to inquire into the circumstances on which depends a captain's knowledge of the position of his ship. In each case, though not in the same way, the ship was supposed to be far from land, when in reality quite close to it. In each case, in fact, the ship had oversailed her reckoning. A slight exaggeration of what travellers so much desire—a rapid passage—proved the destruction of the ship, and in one case occasioned a fearful loss of life. And although such events are fortunately infrequent in Atlantic voyages, yet the bare possibility that besides ordinary sea risks a ship is exposed to danger from simply losing her way, suggests unpleasant apprehensions as to the general reliability of the methods in use for determining where a ship is, and her progress from day to day.

I propose to give a brief sketch of the methods in use for finding the way at sea, in order that the general principles on which safety depends may be recognised by the general reader.

It is known, of course, to everyone, that a ship's course and rate of sailing are carefully noted throughout her voyage. Every change of her course is taken account of, as well as every change in her rate of advance, whether under sail or steam or both combined. If all this could be quite accurately managed, the position of the ship at any hour could be known, because it would be easy to mark down on a chart the successive stages of her journey, from the moment when she left port. But a variety of circumstances render this impossible.

To begin with, the *exact* course of a ship cannot be known, because there is only the ship's compass to determine her course by, and a ship's compass is not an instrument affording perfectly exact indications. Let any one on a sea voyage observe the compass for a short time, being careful not to break the good old rule which forbids speech to the "man at the wheel," and he will presently become aware of the fact that the ship is not kept rigidly to one course even for a short time. The steersman keeps her as near as he can to a particular course, but she is continually deviating, now a little on one side now a little on the other of the intended direction; and even the general accuracy with which that course is followed is a matter of estimation, and depends on the skill of the individual steersman. Looking at the compass card, in steady weather, a course may seem very closely followed; perhaps the needle's end may not be a hundredth part of

an inch (on the average) from the position it should have. But a hundredth part of an inch on the circumference of the compass card, would correspond to a considerable deviation in the course of a run of twenty or thirty knots; and there is nothing to prevent the errors so arising from accumulating in a long journey until a ship might be thirty or forty miles from her estimated place. To this may be added the circumstance that the direction of the needle is different in different parts of the earth. In some places it points to the east of the north, in others to the west. And although the actual "variation of the compass," as this peculiarity is called, is known in a general way for all parts of the earth, yet such knowledge has no claim to actual exactness. There is, also, an important danger, as recent instances have shown, in the possible change of the position of the ship's compass, on account of iron in her cargo.

But a far more important cause of error, in determinations merely depending on the log-book, is that arising from uncertainty as to the ship's rate of progress. The log-line gives only a rough idea of the ship's rate at the time when the log is cast;* and of course a ship's rate does not remain constant, even when she is under steam alone. Then again, currents carry the ship along sometimes with considerable rapidity; and the log-line affords no indication of their action: while no reliance can be placed on the estimated rates even of known currents. Thus the distance made on any course may differ considerably from the estimated distance; and when several days' sailing are dealt with an error of large amount may readily accumulate.

For these and other reasons, a ship's captain places little reliance on what is called, "the day's work," that is, the change in the ship's position from noon to noon as estimated from the compass courses entered in the log-book, and the distances supposed to be run on these courses. It is absolutely essential that such estimates should be carefully made, because under unfavourable conditions of weather there may be no other means of guessing at the ship's position. But the only really reliable way of determining a ship's place is by astronomical observations. It is on this account that the almanac published by the Admiralty, in which the position and apparent motions of the celestial bodies are indicated four or five years in advance, is called, *par excellence*, the *Nautical Almanac*. The astronomer in his fixed observatory finds this almanac essential to the prosecution

* The log is a flat piece of wood of quadrantal shape, so loaded at the rim as to float with the point (that is, the centre of the quadrant) uppermost. To this a line about 300 yards long is fastened. The log is thrown overboard and comes almost immediately to rest on the surface of the sea, the line being suffered to run freely out. Marks on the log-line divide it into equal spaces, called *knots*, of known length, and by observing how many of these run out, while the sand in a half-minute hour-glass is running, the ship's rate of motion is inferred. The whole process is necessarily rough, since the line cannot even be tautened.

of his observations; the student of theoretical astronomy has continual occasion to refer to it: but to the sea-captain the Nautical Almanac has a far more important use. The lives of sailors and passengers are dependent upon its accuracy. It is, again, chiefly for the sailor that our great nautical observatories have been erected and that our Astronomer-Royal and his officers are engaged. What other work they may do is subsidiary and as it were incidental. Their chief work is to time this great clock, our earth, and so to trace the motions of those celestial indices which afford our fundamental time-measures, as to ensure as far as possible the safety of our navy, royal and mercantile.*

Let us see how this is brought about, not indeed inquiring into the processes by which at the Greenwich Observatory the elements of safety are obtained, but considering the method by which a seaman makes use of these elements.

In the measures heretofore considered, the captain of a ship in reality relies on terrestrial measurements. He reasons that being on such and such a day in a given place, and having in the interval sailed so many miles in such and such directions, he must at the time being be in such and such a place. This is called "navigation." In the processes next to be considered, which constitute a part of the science of Nautical Astronomy, the seaman trusts to celestial observations independently of all terrestrial measurements.

The points to be determined by the voyager are his latitude and longitude. The latitude is the distance north or south of the equator, and is measured always from the equator in degrees, the distance from equator to pole being divided into ninety equal parts, each of which is a degree.† The longitude is the distance east or west of Greenwich (in English usage, but other nations employ a different starting-point for measuring longitudes from). Longitude is not measured in miles, but in degrees. The way of measuring is not very readily explained without a globe or diagrams, but may be thus indicated:—Suppose a circle to run completely round the earth,

* This consideration has been altogether lost sight of in certain recent propositions for extending government aid to astronomical inquiries of another sort. It may be a most desirable thing that government should find means for inquiring into the physical condition of sun and moon, planets and comets, stars and all the various orders of star-clusters. But if such matters are to be studied at government expense, it should be understood that the inquiry is undertaken with the sole purpose of advancing our knowledge of these interesting subjects, and should not be brought into comparison with the utilitarian labours for which our Royal Observatory was founded.

† Throughout this explanation all minuter details are neglected. In reality, in consequence of the flattening of the earth's globe, the degrees of latitude are not equal, being larger the farther we go from the equator. Moreover, strictly speaking, it is incorrect to speak of distances being divided into degrees, or to say that a degree of latitude or longitude contains so many miles; yet it is so exceedingly inconvenient to employ any other way of speaking in popular description, that I trust any astronomers or mathematicians who may read this article, will forgive this solecism.

through Greenwich and both the poles; now if this circle be supposed free to turn upon the polar axis, or on the poles as pivots, and the half which crosses Greenwich be carried (the nearest way round) till it crosses some other station, then the arc through which it is carried is called the longitude of the station, and the longitude is easterly or westerly according as this half circle has to be shifted towards the east or west. A complete half-turn is 180 degrees, and by taking such a half-turn either eastwardly or westwardly, the whole surface of the earth is included. Points which are 180 degrees east of Greenwich are thus also 180 degrees west of Greenwich.

So much is premised in the way of explanation to make the present paper complete; but ten minutes' inspection of an ordinary terrestrial globe will show the true meaning of latitude and longitude more clearly (to those who happen to have forgotten what they learned at school on these points) than any verbal description.

Now it is sufficiently easy for a sea-captain in fine weather to determine his latitude. For places in different latitudes have different celestial scenery, if one may so describe the aspect of the stellar heavens by night and the course traversed by the sun by day. The height of the pole-star above the horizon, for instance, at once indicates the latitude very closely, and would indicate the latitude exactly if the pole-star were exactly at the pole instead of being merely close to it. But the height of any known star when due south also gives the latitude. For at every place in a given latitude, a star rises to a given greatest height when due south; if we travel farther south the star will be higher when due south; if we travel farther north it will be lower; and thus its observed height shows just how far north of the equator any northerly station is, while if the traveller is in the southern hemisphere corresponding observations show how far to the south of the equator he is.

But commonly the seaman trusts to observation of the sun to give him his latitude. The observation is made at noon, when the sun is highest above the horizon. The actual height is determined by means of the instrument called the sextant. This instrument need not be here described; but thus much may be mentioned to explain that process of taking the sun's meridian latitude which no doubt every one has witnessed who has taken a long sea journey. The sextant is so devised that the observer can see two objects at once, one directly and the other after reflection of its light; and the amount by which he has to move a certain bar carrying the reflecting arrangement, in order to bring the two objects into view in the same direction, shows him the real divergence of lines drawn from his eye to the two objects. To take the sun's altitude then with this instrument, the observer takes the sun as one object and the horizon directly below the sun as the other: he brings them into view together, and then looking at the sextant to see how much he has

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had to move the swinging arm which carries the reflecting glasses, he learns how high the sun is. This being done at noon, with proper arrangements to ensure that the greatest height then reached by the sun is observed, at once indicates the latitude of the observer. Suppose, for example, he finds the sun to be forty degrees above the horizon, and the Nautical Almanac tells him that at the time the sun is ten degrees north of the celestial equator, then he knows that the celestial equator is thirty degrees above the southern horizon. The pole of the heavens is therefore sixty degrees above the northern horizon, and the voyager is in sixty degrees north latitude. Of course, in all ordinary cases, the number of degrees is not exact, as I have here for simplicity supposed, and there are some niceties of observation which would have to be taken into account, in real work. But the principle of the method is sufficiently indicated by what has been said, and no useful purpose could be served by considering minutiae.

Unfortunately, the longitude is not determined so readily. The very circumstance which makes the determination of the latitude so simple introduces the great difficulty which exists in finding the longitude. I have said that all places in the same latitude have the same celestial scenery; and precisely for this reason it is difficult to distinguish one such place from another, that is, to find on what part of its particular latitude-circle any place may lie.

If we consider, however, how longitude is measured, and what it really means, we shall readily see where a solution of the difficulty is to be sought. The latitude of a station means how far towards either pole the station is; its longitude means how far round the station is from some fixed longitude. But it is by turning round on her axis that the earth causes the changes which we call day and night; and therefore these must happen at different times in places at different distances round. For example, it is clear that if it is noon at one station it must be midnight at a station half way round from the former. And if anyone at one station could telegraph to a person at another, "It is exactly noon here," while this latter person knew from his clock or watch, that it was exactly midnight where he was, then he would know that he was half-way round exactly. He would, in fact, know his longitude from the other station. And so with smaller differences. The earth turns we know from west to east,—that is, a place lying due west of another is so carried as presently to occupy the place which its easterly neighbour had before occupied, while this last place has gone farther east yet. Let us suppose an hour is the time required to carry a westerly station to the position which had been occupied by a station to the east of it. Then manifestly every celestial phenomenon depending on the earth's turning will occur an hour later at the westerly station. Sunrise and sunset are phenomena of this kind. If I telegraph to a friend

at some station far to the west, but in the same latitude, "the sun is rising here," and he finds that he has to wait exactly an hour before the sun rises there, then he knows that he is one hour west of me in longitude, a most inexact yet very convenient and unmistakable way of speaking. As there are twenty-four hours in the day, while a complete circle running through my station and his (and everywhere in the same latitude) is supposed to be divided into 360 degrees, he is 15 degrees (a 24th part of 360) west of me; and if my station is Greenwich, he is in what we, in England, call 15 degrees west longitude.*

But what is true of sunrise and sunset in the same latitudes and in different longitudes, is true of noon whatever the latitude may be. And of course it is true of the southing of any known star. Only unfortunately one cannot tell the exact instant when either the sun or a star is due south or at its highest above the horizon. Still, speaking generally, and for the moment limiting our attention to noon, every station towards the west has noon later, while every station towards the east has noon earlier, than Greenwich (or whatever reference station is employed).

I shall presently return to the question how the longitude is to be determined with sufficient exactness for safety in sea voyages. But I may digress here to note what happens in sea voyages where the longitude changes. If a voyage is made towards the west, as from England to America, it is manifest that a watch set to Greenwich time, will be in advance of the local time as the ship proceeds westwards, and will be more and more in advance the farther the ship travels in that direction. For instance, suppose a watch shows Greenwich time; then when it is noon at Greenwich the watch will point to twelve, but it will be an hour before noon at a place fifteen degrees west of Greenwich, two hours before noon at a place thirty degrees west, and so on: that is, the watch will point to twelve when it is only eleven o'clock, ten o'clock, and so on, of local time. On arrival at New York, the traveller would find that his watch was nearly five hours fast. Of course the reverse happens in a voyage towards the east. For instance, a watch set to New York time would be found to be nearly five hours slow, for Greenwich time, when the traveller arrived in England.

In the following passage these effects are humorously illustrated by Mark Twain,—

"Young Mr. Blucher, who is from the Far West, and on his first voyage" (from New York to Europe) "was a good deal worried by the constantly changing 'ship-time.' He was proud of his new watch

* In this case, he is "at sea" (which, I trust, will not be the case with the reader), and, we may suppose, connected with Greenwich by submarine telegraph in course of being laid. In fact, the position of the *Great Eastern* throughout her cable-laying journeys, was determined by a method analogous to that sketched above.

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at first, and used to drag it out promptly when eight bells struck at noon, but he came to look after a while as if he were losing confidence in it. Seven days out from New York he came on deck, and said with great decision, 'This thing's a swindle!' 'What's a swindle?' 'Why, this watch. I bought her out in Illinois—gave 150 dollars for her, and I thought she was good. And, by George, she *is* good on shore, but somehow she don't keep up her lick here on the water—gets sea-sick, may be. She skips; she runs along regular enough till half-past eleven, and then all of a sudden she lets down. I've set that old regulator up faster and faster, till I've shoved it clean round, but it don't do any good; she just distances every watch in the ship,* and clatters along in a way that's astonishing till it's noon, but them "eight bells" always gets in about ten minutes a head of her any way. I don't know what to do with her now. She's doing all she can,—she's going her best gait, but it won't save her. Now, don't you know there ain't a watch in the ship that's making better time than she is; but what does it signify? When you hear them "eight bells," you'll find her just ten minutes short of her score—sure.' The ship was gaining a full hour every three days, and this fellow was trying to make his watch go fast enough to keep up to her. But, as he had said, he had pushed the regulator up as far as it would go, and the watch was 'on its best gait,' and so nothing was left him but to fold his hands and see the ship beat the race. We sent him to the captain, and he explained to him the mystery of 'ship time' and set his troubled mind at rest. This young man," proceeds Mr. Clemens, *apropos des bottes*, "had asked a great many questions about sea-sickness before we left, and wanted to know what its characteristics were, and how he was to tell when he had it. He found out."

I cannot leave Mark Twain's narrative, however, without gently criticising a passage in which he has allowed his imagination to invent effects of longitude which assuredly were never perceived in any voyage since the ship *Argo* set out after the Golden Fleece. "We had the phenomenon of a full moon," he says, "located just in the same spot in the heavens, at the same hour every night. The reason of this singular conduct on the part of the moon did not occur to us at first, but it did afterwards, when we reflected that we were gaining about twenty minutes every day, because we were going east so fast, we gained just about enough every day to keep along with the moon. It was becoming an old moon to the friends we had left behind us, but to us Joshuas it stood still in the same place, and remained always the same." Oh Mr. Clemens, Mr. Clemens! In a work of imagination (as the "Innocents Abroad" must, I suppose,

* Because set to go "fast." Of course, the other watches on board would be left to go at their usual rate, and simply put forward at noon each day by so many minutes as corresponded to the run eastwards since the preceding noon.;

be to a great extent considered), a mistake such as that here made is perhaps not a very serious matter: but suppose some unfortunate compiler of astronomical works should happen to remember this passage, and to state (as a compiler would be tolerably sure to do, unless he had a mathematical friend at his elbow), that by voyaging eastwards at such and such a rate, a traveller can always have the moon "full" at night, in what an unpleasant predicament would the mistake have placed him. Such things happen, unfortunately; nay, I have even seen works, in which precisely such mistakes have been made, in use positively as textbooks for examinations. On this account, our fiction writers must be careful in introducing science details, lest peradventure science teachers (save the mark!) be led astray.

It need scarcely be said that no amount of eastwardly voyaging would cause the moon to remain always "full" as seen by the voyager. The moon's phase is the same from whatever part of the earth she may be seen, and she will become "new," that is, pass between the earth and the sun, no matter what voyages may be undertaken by the inhabitants of earth. Mr. Clemens has confounded the monthly motion of the moon with her daily motion. A traveller who could only go fast enough eastwards might keep the moon always due south. To do this he would have to travel completely round the earth in a day and (roughly) about 50½ minutes. If he continued this for a whole month, the moon would never leave the southern heavens; but she would not continue "full." In fact we see that the hour of the day (local time) would be continually changing,—since the traveller would not go round once in twenty-four hours (which would be following the sun, and would cause the hour of the day to remain always the same) but in twenty-four hours and the best part of another hour; so that the day would seem to pass on, though very slowly, lasting a lunar month instead of a common day.

Every one who makes a long sea-voyage must have noted the importance attached to noon observations; and many are misled into the supposition that these observations are directly intended for the determination of the longitude (or, which is the same thing, in effect, for determining true ship-time). This, however, is a mistake. The latitude can be determined at noon, as we have seen. A rough approximation to the local time can be obtained, also, and is commonly obtained, by noting when the sun begins to dip after reaching the highest part of his course above the horizon. But this is necessarily *only* a rough approximation, and quite unsuited for determining the ship's longitude. For the sun's elevation changes very slowly at noon, and no dip can be certainly recognized even from *terra firma*, far less from a ship, within a few minutes of true noon. A determination of time effected in this way, serves very well for the

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ship's "watches," and accordingly when the sun, so observed, begins to dip, they strike 'eight bells' and "make it noon." But it would be a serious matter for the crew if that was made the noon for working the ship's place; for an error of many miles would be inevitable.

The following passage from "Foul Play," illustrates the way in which mistakes have arisen on this point. The hero, who being a clergyman and a university man is of course a master of every branch of science, is about to distinguish himself before the heroine by working out the position of the ship *Proserpine*, whose captain is senselessly drunk. After ten days' murky weather "the sky suddenly cleared, and a rare opportunity occurred to take an observation. Hazel suggested to Wylie, the mate, the propriety of taking advantage of the moment, as the fog bank out of which they had just emerged would soon envelop them again, and they had not more than an hour or so of such observation available. The man gave a shuffling answer. So Hazel sought the captain in his cabin. He found him in bed. He was dead drunk. On a shelf lay the instruments. These Hazel took and then looked round for the chronometers. They were safely locked in their cases. He carried the instruments on deck, together with a book of tables, and quietly began to make preparations, at which Wylie, arresting his walk, gazed with utter astonishment" (as well he might).

"Now, Mr. Wylie, I want the key of the chronometer cases."

"Here is a chronometer, Mr. Hazel," said Helen, very innocently, 'if that is all you want.'

"Hazel smiled, and explained that a ship's clock is made to keep the most exact time; that he did not require the time of the spot where they were, but Greenwich time. He took the watch, however. It was a large one for a lady to carry; but it was one of Frodsham's masterpieces.

"Why, Miss Rolleston," said he, 'this watch must be two hours slow. It marks ten o'clock; it is now nearly midday. Ah, I see,' he added with a smile, 'you have wound it regularly every day, but you have forgotten to set it daily. Indeed, you may be right; it would be a useless trouble, since we change our longitude hourly. Well, let us suppose that this watch shows the exact time at Sydney, as I presume it does, I can work the ship's reckoning from that meridian, instead of that of Greenwich.' And he set about doing it." Wylie, after some angry words with Hazel, brings the chronometers and the charts. Hazel "verified Miss Rolleston's chronometer, and allowing for difference of time, found it to be accurate. He returned it to her, and proceeded to work on the chart. The men looked on: so did Wylie. After a few moments, Hazel read as follows:—West longitude 146° 53' 18". South latitude 35° 24'. The island of

Oparo* and the Four Crowns distant 420 miles on the N.N.E.," and so on. And, of course, "Miss Rolleston fixed her large soft eyes on the young clergyman with the undisguised admiration a woman is apt to feel for what she does not understand."

The scene here described corresponds pretty closely, I have little doubt, with one actually witnessed by the novelist, except only that the captain or chief officer made the observations, and that either there had not been ten days' murky weather or else that in the forenoon, several hours at least before noon, an observation of the sun had been made. The noon observation would give the latitude, and combined with a forenoon observation, would give the longitude; but *alone* would be practically useless for that purpose. It is curious that the novelist sets the longitude as assigned much more closely than the latitude, and the value given would imply that the ship's time was known within less than a second. This would in any case be impracticable; but from noon observations the time could not be learned within a minute at the least. The real fact is, that to determine true time, the seaman selects, not noon, as is commonly supposed, but a time when the sun is nearly due east, or due west. For then the sun's elevation changes most rapidly, and so gives the surest means of determining the time. The reader can easily see the *rationale* of this, by considering the case of an ordinary clock-hand. Suppose our only means of telling the time was by noting how high the end of the minute hand was: then clearly we should be apt to make a greater mistake in estimating the time when the hand was near XII., than at any other time, because then its end changes very slowly in height, and a minute more or less makes very little difference. On the contrary, when the hand was near III. and IX., we could in a very few seconds note any change of the height of its extremity. In one case we could not tell the time within a minute or two; in the other, we could tell it within a few seconds.

But the noon observation would be wanted to complete the determination of the longitude; for until the latitude was known, the captain would not be aware what apparent path the sun was describing in the heavens, and, therefore, would not know the time corresponding to any particular solar observation. So that a passenger, curious in watching the captain's work, would be apt to infer that the noon observations gave the longitude, since he would perceive that from them the captain worked out both the longitude and the latitude.

It is curious that another and critical portion of the same entertaining novel, is affected by the mistake of the novelist on this subject. After the scuttling of the *Proserpine*, and other events,

* The island fixes the longitude at about 147°, otherwise I should have thought the 4 was a misprint for 7. In longitude 177° west, Sydney time would be about 2 hours slow, but about 4 hours slow in longitude 147° west.

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Hazel and Miss Rolleston are alone on an island in the Pacific. Hazel seeks to determine their position, as one step towards escape. Now "you must know that Hazel, as he lay on his back in the boat, had often in a half-drowsy way, watched the effect of the sun upon the boat's mast: it now stood, a bare pole, and at certain hours acted like the needle of a dial, by casting a shadow on the sands. Above all, he could see pretty well, by means of this pole and its shadow, when the sun attained its greatest elevation. He now asked Miss Rolleston to assist him in making this observation exactly. She obeyed his instructions, and the moment the shadow reached its highest angle and showed the minutest symptom of declension, she said 'Now,' and Hazel called out in a loud voice" (why did he do that?) "'Noon!' 'And forty-nine minutes past eight at Sydney,' said Helen, holding out her chronometer; for she had been sharp enough to get it ready of her own accord. Hazel looked at her and at the watch with amazement and incredulity. 'What?' said he, 'Impossible. You can't have kept Sydney time all this while.' 'And pray why not?' said Helen. 'Have you forgotten that some one praised me for keeping Sydney time? it helped you, somehow or other, to know where we were.'" After some discussion in which she shows how natural it was that she should have wound up her watch every night, even when "neither of them expected to see the morning," she asks to be praised. "'Praised!' cried Hazel, excitedly, 'worshipped, you mean. Why, we have got the longitude by means of your chronometer. It is wonderful! It is providential. It is the finger of Heaven. Pen and ink, and let me work it out.'" He was "soon busy calculating the longitude of Godsend Island." What follows is even more curiously erroneous. "'There,' said he. 'Now the latitude I must guess at by certain combinations. In the first place the slight variation in the length of the days. Then I must try and make a rough calculation of the sun's parallax.'" (It would have been equally to the purpose to have calculated how many cows' tails would reach to the moon.) "'And then my botany will help me a little; spices furnish a clue; there are one or two that will not grow outside the tropic," and so on. He finally sets the latitude between the 26th and 33rd parallels, a range of nearly 500 miles. The longitude, however, which is much more closely assigned, is wrong altogether, being set at $103\frac{1}{2}$ degrees *west*, as the rest of the story requires. For Godsend Island is within not many days' sail of Valparaiso. The mistake has probably arisen from setting Sydney in *west* longitude instead of *east* longitude, $151^{\circ} 14'$; for the difference of time, 3h, 11m., corresponds within a minute to the difference of longitude between $151^{\circ} 14'$ west and $103\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ west.

Mere mistakes of calculation, however, matter little in such cases. They do not affect the interest of a story even in such extreme cases as in "Ivanhoe," where a full century is dropped in such sort that one

of Richard the First's knights holds converse with a contemporary of the Conqueror, who, if my memory deceives me not, was Cœur de Lion's great-great-grandfather. It is a pity, however, that a novelist or indeed any writer should attempt to sketch scientific *methods* with which he is not familiar. No discredit can attach to any person, not an astronomer, who does not understand the astronomical processes for determining latitude and longitude, any more than to one who, not being a lawyer, is unfamiliar with the rules of Conveyancing. But when an attempt is made by a writer of fiction to give an exact description of any technical matter, it is as well to secure correctness by submitting the description to some friend acquainted with the principles of the subject. For, singularly enough, people pay much more attention to these descriptions when met with in novels than when given in textbooks of science, and they thus come to remember thoroughly well precisely what they ought to forget. I think, for instance, that it may not improbably have been some recollection of "Foul Play" which led Mr. Lockyer to make the surprising statement that longitude is determined at sea by comparing chronometer time with local time, which is found "at noon by observing, with the aid of a sextant, when the sun is at the highest point of its path." Our novelists really must not lead the student of astronomy astray in this manner.

It will be clear to the reader, by this time, that the great point in determining the longitude, is to have the true time of Greenwich or some other reference station, in order that by comparing this time with ship time, the longitude east or west of the reference station may be ascertained. Ship time can always be determined by a morning or afternoon observation of the sun, or by observing a known star when towards the east or west, at which time the diurnal motion raises or depresses it most rapidly. The latitude being known, the time of day (any given day) at which the sun or a star should have any particular altitude is known also, and, therefore, conversely, when the altitude of the sun or a star has been noted, the seaman has learned the time of day. But to find Greenwich time is another matter; and without Greenwich time, ship time teaches nothing as to the longitude. How is the voyager at sea or in desert places to know the exact time at Greenwich or some other fixed station? We have seen that chronometers are used for this purpose; and chronometers are now made so marvellously perfect in construction that they can be trusted to show true time within a few seconds, under ordinary conditions. But it must not be overlooked that in long voyages a chronometer, however perfect its construction, is more liable to get wrong than at a fixed station. That it is continually tossed and shaken is something; but is not the chief trial to which it is exposed. The great changes of temperature endured when a ship passes from the temperate latitudes across the torrid zone to the temperate zone

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again, try a chronometer far more severely than any ordinary form of motion. And then it is to be noted that a very insignificant time-error corresponds to a difference of longitude quite sufficient to occasion a serious error in the ship's estimated position. For this reason and for others, it is desirable to have some means of determining Greenwich time independently of chronometers.

This, in fact, is the famous problem for the solution of which such high rewards were offered and have been given.* It was to solve this problem that Whiston, the same who fondly imagined Newton was afraid of him,† suggested the use of bombs and mortars; for which Hogarth pilloried him in the celebrated madhouse scene of the *Rake's Progress*. Of course Whiston had perceived the essential feature of all methods intended for determining the longitude. Any signal which is *recognisable*, no matter by eye or ear, or in whatever way, at both stations, the reference station and the station whose longitude is required, must necessarily suffice to convey the time of one station to the other. The absurdity of Whiston's scheme lay in the implied supposition that any form of ordnance could propel rocket signals far enough to be seen or heard in mid-ocean. Manifestly the only signals available, when telegraphic communication is impossible, are signals in the celestial spaces; for these alone can be discerned simultaneously from widely distant parts of the earth. It has been to such signals, then, that men of science have turned for the required means of determining longitude.

Galileo was the first to point out that the satellites of Jupiter supply a series of signals which might serve to determine the longitude. When one of these bodies is eclipsed in Jupiter's shadow, or passes out of sight behind Jupiter's disc, or reappears from eclipse or occultation, the phenomenon is one which can be seen from a whole hemisphere of the earth's surface. It is as truly a signal as the appearance or disappearance of a light in ordinary night-signalling. If it can be calculated beforehand that one of these events will take place at any given hour of Greenwich time, then, from whatever spot the phenomenon is observed, it is known there that the Greenwich hour is that indicated. Theoretically this is a solution of the famous

* For the invention of the chronometer Harrison (a Yorkshire carpenter and the son of a carpenter) received twenty thousand pounds. This sum had been offered for a marine chronometer which would stand the test of two voyages of assigned length. Harrison laboured fifty years before he succeeded in meeting the required conditions.

† Newton, for excellent reasons, had opposed Whiston's election to the Royal Society. Like most small men Whiston was eager to secure a distinction which, unless spontaneously offered to him, could have conferred no real honour. Accordingly he was amusingly indignant with Newton for opposing him. "Newton perceived," he wrote, "that I could not do as his other darling friends did, that is, learn of him without contradicting him when I differed in opinion from him: he could not in his old age bear such contradiction, and so he was afraid of me the last thirteen years of his life."

problem; and Galileo, the discoverer of Jupiter's four satellites, thought he had found the means of determining the longitude with great accuracy. Unfortunately these hopes have not been realised. At sea, indeed, except in the calmest weather, it is impossible to observe the phenomena of Jupiter's satellites, simply because the telescope cannot be directed steadily upon the planet. But even on land Jupiter's satellites afford but imperfect means of guessing at the longitude. For, at present, their motions have not been thoroughly mastered by astronomers, and though the Nautical Almanac gives the estimated epochs for the various phenomena of the four satellites, yet, owing to the imperfection of the tables, these epochs are often found to be appreciably in error. There is yet another difficulty. The satellites are not mere points, but being in reality also as large as or larger than our moon, they have discs of appreciable though small dimensions. Accordingly they do not vanish or reappear instantaneously, but gradually, the process lasting in reality several seconds (a longer or shorter time, according to the particular satellites considered), and the estimated moment of the phenomenon thus comes to depend on the power of the telescope employed, or the skill or the visual powers of the observer, or the condition of the atmosphere, and so on. Accordingly, very little reliance could be placed on such observations as a mean for determining the longitude with any considerable degree of exactness.

No other celestial phenomena present themselves except those depending on the moon's motions.* All the planets, as well as the

* If but one star or a few would periodically (and quite regularly) "go out" for a few moments, the intervals between such vanishings being long enough to ensure that one would not be mistaken in point of time for the next or following one, then it would be possible to determine Greenwich or other reference time with great exactness. And here one cannot but recognize an argument against the singular theory that the stars were intended simply as lights to adorn our heavens and to be of use to mankind. The teleologists who have adopted this strange view, can hardly show how the theory is consistent with the fact that quite readily the stars (or a few of them) might have been so contrived as to give man the means of travelling with much more security over the length and breadth of his domain than is at present possible. In this connection I venture to quote a passage in which Sir John Herschel has touched on the *usefulness* of the stars, in terms which were they not corrected by other and better known passages in his writings, might suggest that he had adopted the theory I have just mentioned:—"The stars," he said, in an address to the Astronomical Society, in 1827, "are landmarks of the universe; and amidst the endless and complicated fluctuations of our system, seem placed by its Creator as guides and records, not merely to elevate our minds by the contemplation of what is vast, but to teach us to direct our actions by reference to what is immutable in His works. It is indeed hardly possible to over-appreciate their value in this point of view. Every well-determined star, from the moment its place is registered, becomes to the astronomer, the geographer, the navigator, the surveyor, a point of departure which can never deceive or fail him,—the same for ever and in all places, of a delicacy so extreme as to be a test for every instrument yet invented by man, yet

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sun and moon, traverse at various rates and in different paths the sphere of the fixed stars. But the moon alone moves with sufficient rapidity to act as a time-indicator for terrestrial voyagers. It is hardly necessary to explain why rapidity of motion is important; but the following illustration may be given for the purpose. The hour hand of a clock does in reality indicate the minute as well as the hour; yet owing to the slowness of its motion we regard the hour-hand as an unsatisfactory time-indicator, and only consider it as showing what hour is in progress. So with the more slowly-moving celestial bodies. They would serve well enough, at least some among them would, to show the *day of the year*, if we could only imagine that such information were ever required from celestial bodies. But it would be hopeless to attempt to ascertain the true time with any degree of accuracy from their motions. Now the moon really moves with considerable rapidity among the stars.* She completes the circuit of the celestial sphere in $27\frac{1}{2}$ days (a period less than the common lunation), so that in one day she traverses about thirteen degrees,—or her own diameter (which is rather more than half a degree) in about an hour. This, astronomically speaking, is very rapid motion; and as it can be detected in a few seconds by telescopic comparison of the moon's place with that of some fixed star, it serves to show the time within a few seconds, which is precisely what is required by the seaman. Theoretically, all he has to do, is to take the moon's apparent distance from a known star, and also her height and the star's height above the horizon. Thence he can calculate

equally adapted for the most ordinary purposes; as available for regulating a town-clock as for conducting a navy to the Indies; as effective for mapping down the intricacies of a petty barony, as for adjusting the boundaries of transatlantic empires. When once its place has been thoroughly ascertained, and carefully recorded, the brazen circle with which the useful work was done may moulder, the marble pillar may totter on its base, and the astronomer himself survive only in the gratitude of posterity; but the record remains, and transfuses all its own exactness into every determination which takes it for a groundwork, giving to inferior instruments, nay, even to temporary contrivances, and to the observations of a few weeks or days, all the precision attained originally at the cost of so much time, labour, and expense." It is only necessary as a corrective to the erroneous ideas which might otherwise be suggested by this somewhat high-flown passage, to quote the following remarks from the work which represented Sir John Herschel's more matured views, his well-known "Outlines of Astronomy." "For what purpose are we to suppose such magnificent bodies scattered through the abyss of space? Surely not to illuminate our nights, which an additional moon of the thousandth part of the size of our own world would do much better; nor to sparkle as a pageant void of meaning and reality, and bewilder us among vain conjectures. Useful, it is true, they are to man as points of exact and permanent reference, but he must have studied astronomy to little purpose, who can suppose man to be the only object of his Creator's care; or, who does not see in the vast and wonderful apparatus around us, provision for other races of animated beings."

* It was this doubtless which led to the distinction recognised in the book of Job, where the moon is described as "walking in brightness."

what would be the moon's distance from the star at the moment of observation, if the observer were at the earth's centre. But the Nautical Almanac informs him of the precise instant of Greenwich time corresponding to this calculated distance. So he has, what he requires, the true Greenwich time.

It will be manifest that all methods of finding the way at sea, except the rough processes depending on the log and compass, require that the celestial bodies, or some of them, should be seen. Hence it is that cloudy weather for any considerable length of time, occasions danger and sometimes leads to shipwreck and loss of life. Of course the captain of a ship proceeds with extreme caution when the weather has long been cloudy, especially if according to his reckoning he is drawing near shore. Then the lead comes into play, that by soundings, if possible, the approach to shore may be indicated. Then also by day and night a careful watch is kept for the signs of land. But it sometimes happens that despite all such precautions a ship is lost; for there are conditions of weather which, occurring when a ship is nearing shore, render the most careful look-out futile. These conditions may be regarded as included among ordinary sea-risks, by which term are understood all such dangers as would leave a captain blameless if shipwreck occurred. It would be well if no ships were ever lost save from ordinary sea-risks; but unfortunately ships are sometimes cast ashore for want of care; either in maintaining due watch as the shore is approached, or taking advantage of opportunities, which may be few and far between, for observing sun, or moon, or stars, as the voyage proceeds. It may safely be said that the greater number of avoidable shipwrecks have been occasioned by the neglect of due care in finding the way at sea.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

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MUSIC IN ENGLAND.

"POLYBIUS, the judicious Polybius, tells us that music was necessary to soften the manners of the Arcadians who dwelt in a country where the atmosphere is bitter and cold; that the inhabitants of Cynœthæ, who neglected the study of music, surpassed all Greeks in cruelty, and that that city was the scene of the most terrible crimes. Plato does not hesitate to say that a change in music betokens a change in the constitution of the state, and Aristotle, although he seems to have written his work on Politics with the express intention of opposing the opinions of Plato, agrees with him on this subject. Theophrastus, Plutarch, Strabo, all the ancients thought the same." (Montesquieu, *'Esprit des Lois,'* Book IV. ch. VIII.)

The writer then proceeds to explain what he is pleased to call a paradox of the ancients, and observes that the Greeks, being a "society" of "Athletes and Warriors" required something to ameliorate their manners, and that for this music was admirably suited. It is, however, necessary to remember the difference between the cultivation of music and a musical education. By the latter Plato meant the general education of the mind, and as such it was contrasted with the gymnasium, viz., the training of the body, so that the so-called paradox is intelligible simply by reference to the works of that philosopher. Montesquieu apparently regarded the question in this light only, and ignored the fact that Aristotle recommends the cultivation of music to the young and such as could not have joined in the manly exercises of the theatre.

We may therefore assume that music was considered by these philosophers as a powerful agent to counteract the effect of grosser pursuits, and as such, beneficial not only to gladiators and warriors, but to all classes of the community. If however, music was sufficiently elevated in those comparatively early days to raise the soul of man above the material universe, what can it not effect now? Unlike the other arts music seems to have developed late, nor probably has it yet attained the highest point of its capacity, for new schools of thought and design are at work to-day, new appliances of known combinations are discovered, and melody appears to be inexhaustible. Besides the elements that music possesses in common with all arts, it is revealed to the world in a manner so peculiarly its own, and the medium of sound, apart from what it represents, is capable of exercising so powerful an influence, that it is at least probable that the manifestations of this art appeal immediately to

the sympathies of the people. Let us for the present concentrate our attention on our own time and our own nation, and observe how music is now regarded and how the people accept its influence.

That the English are musically inclined is proved by the musical history of the nation, which seems to have surpassed all others both in precocity and development up to the time of Purcell and the commencement of the 18th century, when, although we had Handel working in the midst of us, the influence of the house of Hanover and the influx of foreigners, foreign habits and languages, caused a sad depression in musical taste. But from this we are rapidly rising; witness the numerous societies which have grown up of late years in the metropolis and the provinces.

Although upwards of 60 years old, the Philharmonic Society has undergone such important changes within the last 20 or 30 years that a few remarks concerning its progress will be in point. It was established in 1813, Salomon the violinist being one of the founders who had formerly engaged Haydn to write his twelve grand symphonies. J. B. Cramer was another, who stood for long at the very summit of his profession in the threefold capacity of composer, pianist, and publisher; every one knows his *Pianoforte Studies*, or should know them, that would excel on the instrument, and the time is not remote when this 'glorious John' among musicians was the centre of European esteem. One other was Charles Neate, the only survivor of the original knot whose merit is not forgotten and whose mediation between the Society and Beethoven is of lasting consequence. The object of this institution is to uphold that class of music which, because it stands above and apart from all others, is distinguished as classical, and while the principles of this society are strictly conservative, it has been the means, through commissioning artists to write for its concerts, of bringing some of the greatest masterpieces into music. It originally resembled a club, and was supported by numerous subscribers whose names would stand for years upon the list of nominees before there was room for their admission. Its first concerts were given in the old Argyll Rooms, which were destroyed by fire in 1829. There, during one of the society's performances, Spohr was interrupted in playing one of his violin concertos by the smashing of the windows because the house was not, like every other, illuminated in honour of Queen Caroline's acquittal. The concert-room of the King's Theatre in the Haymarket was next chosen, and subsequently the Hanover Square Rooms became the home of the society. It was very prosperous for a long period, laying by considerable sums of money, but from various causes, its funds were frequently drawn upon after its removal to Hanover Square. The subscribers' list had shrunk, the days of exclusion were no more, those of open doors at moderate prices had arrived, but the limited space forbade the

admission of sufficient numbers to meet at lower rates the necessities of the occasion. At last an energetic member of the committee proposed that as there was no chance of recovery in that situation, the Philharmonic should move to St. James's Hall. This was done, and since that time the society has prospered to such an extent that the funds have grown instead of dwindled, and far from relying almost entirely on subscribers, a very large sum is generally paid by the public for admission to single concerts. I may mention in passing as a sign of the increasing capacity of the audience, that the slow movement in the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven is now given in its entirety, whereas in the good old days extensive cuts were made to bring it within their comprehension.

The Crystal Palace Concerts bear a strong family likeness to the Philharmonic. After the manner of the age the younger generation—among institutions as much as in humanity—aims to outshine its elders. In them we see the great advantage of having a permanent paid band, who, by practising together whenever their conductor wishes it, obtain a proficiency which cannot be looked for in societies which meet only once a fortnight for two months in the year, and seldom rehearse a work more than once or twice before performance. Here is an influence that works upon thousands; the frequency of the concerts enfranchises the directors from the restriction that limits other establishments in the choice of works. Forgotten mines of art are explored and their treasures newly revealed; living artists too find here a fair field for their productions. Symphonies of Haydn, that have been scarcely known but to the student, symphonies of Mozart to which there has been little access, are here made familiar to daily audiences, side by side with the productions of latest times. What an education for the listeners! What an encouragement for the producers! Much good work must be done by the admirable analytical programmes which are prepared for these concerts by Mr. Grove, and for the Philharmonic by Mr. Macfarren.

The British Orchestral Society was instituted last winter by a few amateurs to show what British players could do. It showed that they could do much, for best judges are agreed that for tone, power, delicacy, and manipulation the string instrument players who performed at their concerts were unsurpassed. This society will meet again next winter, and its concerts will have a manifold effect upon the public mind; it is to be hoped that it will lay the ghost of popular superstition, that if not grafted with aliens the denizens of this soil are incapable of good fruit.

At the Albert Hall, orchestral concerts are given every day, which shows how great a demand there is for a supply of musical performances.

Even this was not enough to meet the growing appetite for instrumental performances on a large scale. Only the other day another

Crystal Palace was opened at the Alexandra Park, and here too are to be public concerts six times a week, at which the public may be as much edified as delighted.

The Monday Popular Concerts originated at the time of the Cattle Show in 1857, when huge clap-trap concerts were given every evening. An accident caused the substitution of chamber music and weekly performances through the winter season, and it is impossible to overrate the great influence this movement has had, the concerts being crowded to excess by an audience whose attention is evinced by the remarkable silence which reigns during the music. It is said, but not quite truly, that folks frequent these concerts for the love of fashion more than for the love of art. Grant this for argument's sake, it would still not be the only case in which "they who came to scoff remained to pray." It is impossible that the hundreds who crowd the concerts, sitting patient for an hour before the beginning, in order to secure that they may sit and not have to stand the night long, beguiling the minutes over their knitting (if they be feminine,) or over their newspaper (if of the masculine gender)—it is impossible that they can quit a two hours' performance by great executants of the great works of great masters, and be unimpressed.

The Musical Union, where similar music is given, is more select and clubbish, and can hardly be said to have much public interest; though to subscribers and those who can afford to pay half a guinea for two hours' enjoyment on a summer's afternoon, it is no doubt a great pleasure.

Choral societies must have the next, if they should not have had the first, consideration. These are doubly important, as including the active and the passive elements among their numbers, who are both performers and listeners, and as disseminating a critical appreciation in addition to a practical knowledge of music. Chief among them in long and firm standing is the Sacred Harmonic. Here Londoners have learned the magnitude in extent and grandeur, of an entire Oratorio—a class of musical composition which many, not without reason, esteem the highest. Before its institution the "Messiah" and "Creation" were rarely to be heard complete, and other works of the kind were known only in fragments. An oratorio is now as familiar a form of art as a cathedral. Mendelssohn's and Spohr's masterpieces have been presented under the direction of the authors, and many of Handel's greatest works have grown familiar. Is not this an influence that must operate powerfully upon popular intelligence? A direct offshoot of the Sacred Harmonic Society, proposed and organized by its Committee, is the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace. Whether a success musically or not, this deserves attention. An experimental festival took place in 1857, preparatory to a grand celebration of the centenary in 1859 of Handel's death. In George the Third's time a birthday was considered a more appro-

priate event to honour with festivities, and *à propos* of the 24th of February, 1784, there was by mistake a commemoration in Westminster Abbey of Handel's birth, he having been really born on the 23rd of February 1685. Handel himself must have regarded death as a solemn if not gloomy occurrence, if the Dead March in Saul represents his ideas on the subject, but with singular incongruity, for the sake of a festival in some shape, his death was made the subject of festal joy in 1859, and since then the festivals have taken place triennially. Considering the immense space that is filled on these occasions, and that 25,000 people have been accommodated irrespective of the choir, which to a great extent consists of volunteers, we may fairly take this as an example of the increasing popularity of music. There has never been but one man whose works would bear performance on so vast a scale, and there has never been but this one whose music could be at once heard by so countless an audience as assembles there. It would be wanton to pretend that a country in which such a performance can be given and such an audience collected is not capable of the highest musical attainments.

Barnby's Choir was established in 1867, at first for the performance of madrigals and part-songs, which were artistically successful. Afterwards having obtained a triumph in the St. Matthew Passion of Bach, which had been a failure previously, the society acquired a reputation which it has well sustained. This reputation induced the Albert Hall directors to invite the choir to amalgamate with a society they had attempted to institute and to give its performances in the colossal arena over which they preside. The attraction to the public has been even greater here than at Exeter and St. James's Halls. It is worth noticing that one of Handel's least-known works has been revived and others are promised, the grand experiment being for the most part due to the personal guarantee of an amateur.

Leslie's Choir, which has been established about thirty years, excellently trained as it is, and appealing by the performance of a considerable proportion of old English music to the alas! long dormant sympathies and associations of the people, enjoys a great reputation, and from one point of view may, in common with all revivals of the sort, be regarded as the link which by awakening a forgotten chord reminds us of the past, and kindles in us a desire for higher perfection in the present.

The Opera next demands our attention. It is very curious how events repeat themselves. Handel, who was previously at the King's opera, set up an opposition in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the favourite singers followed his example in this century, and, with Costa to keep them together, opened Covent Garden as the rival of Her Majesty's opera. The Italian opera is in truth now a fiction; the greater part of the works that are performed at the two establishments are not of Italian production, neither are the greater

part of the singers natives of the sunny clime. Little of Italian but the language is proffered to the public, and that for the most part is questionable. This expensive luxury is much patronised, but opinions vary as to its influence. Without doubt the visitors are attracted by famous names and not by compositions, they find it less trouble to admire one highly paid vocalist than to attend to a complete cast efficiently filled, and they go as much to meet one another and to say they have been, as to gain edification or even amusement from the performance.

English opera is much more ancient, having been established in 1656, before the German, though subsequently to the French opera. The Puritan Cromwell, perhaps inconsistently with his principles, licensed to Sir William Davenant, Rutland House, Aldersgate, where Mrs. Henry Colman, the first female public singer, played Ianthé in an opera entitled the "Siege of Rhodes." It is not a little remarkable that we owe so much to Puritan times.

Dr. Arnold (the musician) obtained a licence from George III. to establish a training school for singers; hence the name Lyceum. At this period if a play contained three pieces of music it was called an opera, and this class of composition was performed under that title for thirty years when Weber's "Der Freischütz" was given. About 1830 the Lyceum met with the common fate of opera houses, and was burnt down. Being rebuilt in 1834, a work of Edward Loder's, and Barnett's "Mountain Sylph" were performed, but the institution passed through many vicissitudes until Harrison produced an opera of Balfe's in 1857. Affairs then prospered so far that English opera migrated to Drury Lane and subsequently to Covent Garden; but Mr. Harrison attributed his later ill success to the closing of all theatres for three days after the Prince Consort's death, a cessation of affairs from which the English opera never rallied; its downfall was however more probably precipitated by the rise and increasing popularity of music halls. It may be mentioned that English operas have been produced for some years at the Crystal Palace, where, although but inferior singers are engaged, a very great success has been secured. A limited liability company also occupied Covent Garden for two years from 1864, when, Macfarren's "Helvellyn" was produced.

Leaving London we travel north and are struck with the wonderful success of Mr. Charles Hallé. That gentleman came to this country for shelter in 1848, the year of revolutions, and settled in Manchester. From that moment dates the regeneration of the north, for he has an excellent band under his entire control, practising much together, and visiting many of the important northern towns.

Then there is the Liverpool Philharmonic, the Birmingham Festival, the Norwich and the three choir festivals; all important undertak-

ings in the country, and all increasing in popularity and success. All praise is due to the energetic members of the Church of England who have established choirs and kept alive in the cathedrals and elsewhere the love for our wonderful and in its way unsurpassed school of church music, which is being continually added to by many accomplished writers who still preserve the ancient traditions. Who would have gone to hear a special musical service at the Abbey twenty years ago? Now, when the "Passion" by Bach is given there, at St. Paul's, at Christ Church, Oxford, or at St. Anne's, Soho, the public throng to listen to that wondrous music whose influence is the more keenly felt in the midst of surrounding associations.

Nor is it only in towns that advances are made. The peasants and country people have the will if only the way is pointed out. A few months since I happened to be travelling through Derbyshire and passed a few days at a village in the south of that county. After dinner, on learning that the resource of a billiard table was denied me, I asked for general information as to the amusements of the village. I was told that a concert was to be given that night in the parish school-room, and naturally concluded that an ordinary part-song or two, a jovial ditty from the proverbial blacksmith, and a few songs from distinguished amateurs in the neighbourhood, would make up the programme. I was, however, agreeably surprised and much impressed on arriving at the room to hear the opening phrase of the overture to Handel's "Alexander's Feast," which was capitally performed with a choir of about thirty members, a small string band, and excellent solo singers, under the management of an amateur residing in the village, who wielded the bâton with energy and precision. Having to spend Sunday at the same spot I went to the church, in itself a most interesting place, where the music was very well sung, and accompanied by the organist on an instrument above the average, with two manuals and about twenty-three stops. This was also under the direction of the above-mentioned amateur, who is evidently doing a very excellent work in that remote corner of the world.

I have mentioned only the most important musical undertakings of later times, for to name all the societies, private and public, that have sprung up in London and the country during the last twenty years would be prolix and wearisome. It is enough to show generally that the supply has not exceeded the demand, judging from the numbers who avail themselves of these advantages. Now supposing only a small minority of these really appreciate the best music, there must be a vast and increasing public who genuinely love the highest forms of the art (although, perhaps, but few enter deeply into its study), and these have multiplied so rapidly that it cannot be only in proportion to the increasing population.

There are three ways of hearing music :—

1. By the senses.
2. With the understanding.
3. Through the imagination.

The second requires a grammarian who should be the musical critic, but the first is given to all with however slight a musical affinity, though their capacity of appreciation differs in degree. Still many could acquire a considerable insight into the grammarian's province if only they would yield to instruction. The third requires a poetic temperament, and attaches to an art at an advanced period of its progress, when the tendency of the expression is to become subjective instead of objective. It is impossible to disregard this phase in musical development, when so many profess to have experienced it, although the art critic who argues by analogy from all art, regards it sceptically, and rather as a sign of decline than of progress.

The greatest amount of enjoyment is experienced by the man who unites the two first methods; but the majority are influenced for good or evil solely through the emotional parts of their nature.

It is improbable that there was much room for musical criticism among the Greeks whilst their different modes were calculated to raise in the minds of the auditors various sentiments of anger, joy, and the like, and this is the only effect music can have upon the general public now-a-days, as they have little time to study the grammar or to exercise the imagination. When, therefore, different forms of expression excite, pacify, or depress, caterers for the multitude should exercise great discrimination in the selection of music, and provide that which is likely to appeal to the best parts of human nature. The market, however, is flooded with compositions of the baser sort, and there is reason to fear that the majority of the people are thus led from the true path by these panderers to a taste that could be moulded to something higher, were teachers and writers equally devoted to their art, as the English people have shown themselves in their musical history to have the capacity for thorough love and appreciation.

Now-a-days there is so much talk and difference of opinion about what is called "music of the future," that one is compelled to doubt whether there will be such a thing in the sense of a permanent growth of the trunk itself, irrespective of flowery branches and fungoid excrescences. There exists a mania for the formation of cliques, whose members are devoted to one composer, and him they place on a pinnacle. Some rave about Schubert, others about Handel, Schumann, or Wagner. We here see the excesses into which many people are led by private judgment. Those who can grasp nothing later than Handel, instead of honouring him as he deserves, and listening to the voice of authority which pronounces him a great artist, and for his time as great as could be, but declares

that his successors have still further developed music, and that comparisons cannot be made between Handel and Beethoven, they exclude everything else from their library and their minds save Handel's music ; thus by their obstinacy actually doing an injury to the great master.

Similarly when others declare that the operas of Wagner or the symphonic poems of Liszt represent the art of the future, they damage their own cause, since they tempt critics to judge of such music as music, when it is in fact a thing apart. It is very difficult indeed at present to ascertain without doubt whether the works of Schumann, and later, of Brahms are true developments of music. These composers both incline, Schumann more particularly, to the romantic school ; they differ from the latest recognised developments not so much in composition as in sentiment, and in the expression of melodic ideas by new forms of rhythm and more striking surroundings. The folly of those who class the last mentioned masters with Liszt and Wagner can only be explained on the score of ignorance. Brahms is a rigid adherent to the accepted and beautiful rules of the musical art, and far from esteeming them as ignoble fetters and rococo fads, he is at once their dutiful son and powerful master. In no country are famous individuals run after to a greater extent than in England, and it is to be feared that among the select thousands who study and appreciate classical music there are many whose judgments are perverted] by this indiscriminate adhesion to a particular hero, whilst there are even some professors who foster the spirit of exclusiveness.

With regard to the masses it is clear that they possess historically a great natural aptitude for music. As the townspeople are the first to become corrupt, so they sooner feel the effect of a beneficial revolution, whilst although the peasantry preserve traditions longer they must in time be influenced by change. This leads me to think, that except where choirs have been formed, and good church music cultivated, the revival of this century does not extend very far into the rural districts. The peasantry (if such a class exists) were no doubt exempt for a long period from the degenerating influences of the last century, but it will take some time and patience to raise their musical taste in this.

Perhaps our modern habits of life render us hardly so amenable to the influences of art as the Arcadians probably were, yet our opportunities and advantages must be much greater. Theoretically we cannot imagine any Greek people, however primitive, cultivating an art without carrying it to a certain amount of perfection, so that by analogy with painting and poetry, music should have been highly developed amongst the Greeks. Practically however the evidence goes to show that this was not the fact. The Arcadians more likely encouraged musical culture from motives of policy, an example

modern legislators might possibly do well to follow. With us music was developed through many centuries solely through the love and talents of the people for it, and, although a period of stagnation has intervened, we may look with confidence on the present revival and the future development of our musical taste.

Some have objected that music excites evil passions and should therefore be proscribed. Now every form of rhythmical expression can be made the means of expressing pure artistic thought, and can also be abused and vulgarised. It is thus, and through its association with the indecent and sensual dances of the burlesque, the rough, ungainly, and exciting romping of a modern ball-room, and the vulgar, coarse songs of the Music Hall, that music has come to be regarded as an enemy to morality. Separate it from these vile companions and degenerate scribblers, and it becomes an ennobling art. Others again have urged that music exercises an effeminating influence. True it is that mighty nations have degenerated and become demoralised and effeminate, but in none of them was music cultivated to any great extent. The Germans are generally accredited with having studied music more persistently and deeply than any other people ancient or modern, and far from becoming enervated, they have lately given unmistakeable proofs of increasing vigour. If the cultivation of this art has the effect attributed to it, it is clear that those who devote their lives to its culture would be especially affected; but whoever has read and considered the lives and works of the great masters of the last hundred and fifty years must be convinced that far from weakness and aberration, they display, as life advances, as great if not increasing manliness and vigour.

Here then have we to hand a mighty influence and a willing subject. Let us not hesitate to avail ourselves of this potent charm, nor neglect to use the means which are within our reach, of educating the moral susceptibilities of the people, so that as by religion they are drawn to the contemplation of God and Divine things, so, through their sympathies, if not their understandings, they may be attracted to the threshold of art, to await with confidence the time, when together with all mankind they may be partakers of its perfect realisation.

F. DAVENPORT.

"PREMIÈRES AMOURS."

"On revient toujours
A ses premières amours."

WHEN I called at the Hollies to-day,
In the room with the cedar-wood presses,
Aunt Deb. was just folding away
What she calls her "memorial dresses."

There's the frock that she wore at fifteen,—
Short-waisted, of course—my abhorrence ;
There's "the loveliest"—something in "een"
That she wears in her portrait by Lawrence ;

There's the "jelick" she used "as a Greek," (!)
There's the habit she got her bad fall in,
There's the sheeny old moiré antique
That she opened Squire Lavender's ball in :—

Sleek velvet and scrapey mohair,—
Soft muslin and bombazine stately,—
She had hung them each over a chair
To the paniers she's taken to lately

(Which she showed by mistake). And I thought,
As I conned o'er the cuts and the fashions,
That the faded old dresses back brought
All the ghosts of my pass'd-away "passions ;"—

From the days of love's earliest dream,
When the height of my boyish idea
Was to burn, like a young Polypheme,
For a somewhat mature Galatea.

There was Julia, who'd "tiffed" with her first,
And who threw me as soon as her third came ;
There was Norah, whose cut was the worst,
For she told me to wait till my "berd" came ;

"PREMIÈRES AMOURS."

Matilda, who longed but "to soar,
 Upon Music's ineffable pinion ;"
 Cornelia, who dared rather more,
 For she dabbled in Greek and Darwinian ;

Pale Blanche, who subsisted on salts,
 Stout Bertha, who lived upon Schiller,
 Fair Amy, who taught me to waltz,
 Plain Ann, that I wooed for the "siller ;"—

All danced round my head in a ring,
 Like "*Les Willis*" that somebody painted,
 All shapes of the sweet she-thing,—
 Shy, scornful, seductive, and sainted,—

To my Wife, in the days she was young—
 "How, Sir," says that matron, disgusted,
 "Do you dare to include ME among
 Your loves that have faded and rusted ?"

"Not at all," I, too frankly, retort.
 "I define (you can scarce need assurance)
 'Twixt the flames of poetical sort,
 And the rush-light of wedded endurance."

Full stop,—and a Sermon. But think,—
 There was surely good ground for a quarrel,—
 She had checked me when just on the brink
 Of (I feel) a remarkable Moral.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

MEMOIRS OF A CYNIC.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CONTRASTS."

V.

ARMED with my uncle's authority, I immediately hurried off to my friend Burton's house, and fortunately found him at home. I was so full of the object of my mission, and also so much out of breath with the rapidity of my pace, that when I arrived he easily perceived my visit was caused by no ordinary motive. Noticing the anxious expression on my face, Burton said to me,

"Why, my dear fellow, what ails you this morning? Have you been told that you are heir to a dukedom, or received the intelligence that your uncle is about to marry again, and intends to cut you off with a shilling? If neither of these, what other important subject occupies your mind? Tell me at once, and let me advise you if I can."

"Neither of the contingencies you speak of are likely to occur," I replied. "It is perfectly true, however, that I have something on my mind which causes me considerable anxiety, and I want you to assist me if you possibly can."

"Of that," replied Burton, "you may be perfectly certain. But what is it?"

I told him I had mentioned to my uncle my desire to enter the service of the East India Company, and that he had said he had no objection if it could be accomplished, but that he had no interest in the service, and could not assist me personally. That I had asked my uncle if I might apply to him (Burton), and he had not only given me permission to do so, but wished me success, as I seemed to have set my heart on entering the service.

"And now, Burton," I continued, "tell me candidly if you can in any manner aid me?"

"I am afraid my personal assistance will be of but little use to you," replied my friend. "I have no doubt my father can help you if he will, but the latter point is not certain. In the first place I am positive he will not do so unless he has an unqualified assurance from your uncle that he consents to your leaving England. In that case very possibly he may use his influence, and if he does he is pretty certain to succeed, as I believe he knows three-fourths of the captains in the service."

"Will you speak to him for me?" I asked.

"I would willingly do so," said Burton, "but it will be far better

and have more effect if you applied direct to him-yourself. Were I to do it, he might possibly think I had influenced you, which would make him perhaps chary in interfering in the matter. You, on the contrary, are a great favourite of his, and if the request comes spontaneously from you, he is much more likely to interest himself about it. In the meantime I will speak to my mother on the subject, and ask her to advance your interests as much as she possibly can; and if she takes the matter in hand, you may be pretty certain she will succeed. Now stop and dine with us," he continued; "I know they will be happy to see you, and besides I want to introduce you to my cousin Mary Anne, who is about to spend three weeks or a month with us. She is a very nice girl, and I'm sure you will like her."

I readily accepted the invitation, and by way of making the time pass agreeably before dinner, we went down to the docks and visited one of the ships which was preparing for that season's voyage—the *Vizagapatam*. She certainly was a beautiful ship, and we examined her attentively. She was far from being in a forward state, as she was then in the hands of the riggers, who were placing on her the masts and cordages, whilst the painters and carpenters were at work in putting up the fittings and bulkheads of the cabins of the officers. When I saw the noble ship, the thought came over me how proud I should be if I could possibly obtain an appointment on board of her; but even this wish was, I feared, a piece of presumption on my part. I asked one of the carpenters to show me a midshipman's cabin, and I certainly must confess I was somewhat surprised at its diminutive size. I should think it was about seven feet long, and six wide. This was the extreme. I can remember it well, as on the return voyage, small as it was, a long eighteen-pounder was placed in the cabin, which completely traversed it. However, I thought there would be quite room enough for me, and that I could make myself very comfortable in it, although I had not the slightest reason to believe I should ever occupy it.

We now returned home, and shortly afterwards dinner was announced. Mr. and Mrs. Burton received me in a most friendly manner, and the latter introduced me to her niece, Mary Anne. She was a girl about my own age, with fair complexion, very tall, and delicate-looking; in fact, she stooped considerably, occasioned evidently by weakness. Her face was pretty, and her voice mild and attractive; altogether she interested me greatly. I spoke but little to her during dinner, for I was not much used to ladies' society; in fact, I may conscientiously state that she was the first young *lady* in whose society I had ever been, for none ever visited the house of my uncle, nor did I see any while I was at school.

When the ladies retired from the table, Burton gave me a significant look, as much as to say, "You had better commence imme-

diately." Tremblingly I began by asking Mr. Burton whether there was much difficulty in obtaining an appointment in the East India Company's Service.

"That entirely depends upon the interest a candidate may have," he replied, "and what sort of a lad he is. If he is a gentlemanly young man," he continued, quitting the table and taking his seat in an easy chair in which he was accustomed to take a nap for half-an-hour every day after dinner, "the facilities are of course greater than if he were a bumpkin, for the captains now are very particular as to the class of young men they take under them." And here he yawned, and settled his head back in a corner of the chair as if preparing for sleep.

I felt greatly discouraged at his manner, and was about dropping the subject for the moment, when he suddenly roused himself, and looking at me attentively, said,—

"But why do you ask?"

"Because I want to know to whom my uncle ought to apply."

"You don't mean to say he is going to sea at his time of life?" said Mr. Burton, laughing. "He would make a pretty midshipman, certainly."

"Oh, no!" I replied, "he has no intention of doing anything of the kind. It was for myself I asked."

"Indeed! And do you really wish to become a sailor?" he said.

"Most earnestly," I replied.

"But tell me, am I to understand your uncle does not object to your entering the service?" he asked.

"He has no objection whatever," I said; "only having no interest himself, he does not know to whom to apply."

"Well, I will inquire for you," he said, after a moment's silence—and then again laying his head back in the chair, he prepared to go to sleep, while his son and I remained silent.

Presently he started up and said, "We will now join the ladies," and he then left the room.

I took the opportunity of stopping behind him to speak to his son. Before, however, I could utter a word, he said to me,—

"You're all right, old fellow. My father will do it for you."

"I don't know how you have arrived at such a conclusion, for he did not say anything about it," I said.

"My dear fellow, I know him as well as you know yourself. Didn't you see he tried to go to sleep and could not? That is always the case with him when anything interests him; if not, he would have slept soundly after dinner, even if a dozen military bands were playing outside the door. No, make yourself quite easy, you'll find all will come right, depend upon it."

We now went upstairs to the drawing-room, where I entered into a conversation with Mary Anne and her aunt. The former improved

very much on acquaintance, and conversed very agreeably. She left us early, however, her aunt informing me she had been ordered to do so by the physician, and that being of a delicate constitution she had come to London on purpose to be under the care of some first-rate medical man, as it was feared she might go into a rapid decline. I expressed my sorrow somewhat unintelligibly, although the information really shocked me very much, so greatly had I been pleased with the young lady's manner.

I soon after took my leave to return to my uncle's house. My friend Burton accompanied me to the door, and said to me,—

"Now, my dear fellow, don't be anxious or low-spirited. Your game is certain; and even in case my father's interest should flag in the matter, I will take good care my mother keeps it alive."

During the next week I heard nothing from Mr. Burton. I called once at the house, but none of the family were at home. I would willingly have called again the next day, but I did not like to appear importunate, and determined to put off another visit till the following week. Before the time had arrived for me to call again, I received a note from Mr. Burton, asking me to dine with him the next day, as he wished to speak to me. I need not say I willingly accepted the invitation; indeed, I believe that nothing but a serious accident would have kept me from the house. So great was my anxiety on my arrival, that positively I forgot the existence of Mary Anne, and it was not till after I had been in the house some little time that Mrs. Burton called my attention to her absence.

"She has been so poorly all day," she continued, "we thought it better she should keep her room. The physician says that all excitement will be prejudicial to her, and that she should enter into conversation as little as possible, for fear of tiring her lungs."

I expressed my sorrow rather clumsily, and shortly afterwards Mr. Burton and his son returned home.

During dinner not one word was spoken by Mr. Burton concerning the subject on which he wished to see me. As soon, however, as the cloth had been removed, he said,—

"And now, young gentleman, do you still continue your wish to go to sea?"

"More ardently than ever," I replied.

"Well, if so, and I have your uncle's written consent, I have obtained for you a berth as midshipman on board the *Vizagapatam*. She is bound for St. Helena, Bombay, and China, so you will have plenty of sea to get over before you return home. The captain of the ship is a gentlemanly man, and an intimate friend of mine; in fact, either as officer, sailor, or gentleman, there is not his superior in the whole fleet. I do not know much of the others, but suppose there will be the usual mixture among them—good, bad, and indifferent. However, you have got to rub your shoulder with the

world, and you will find out all these things for yourself. Had I better write to your uncle, or will he call on me?"

I replied, with my heart leaping for joy at the news I had heard, that I would speak to my uncle and request him to write, and I left early in the evening, wishing, if possible, to make my uncle write that night, so that no time need be lost.

My uncle received the information with his ordinary cold listlessness. He merely said,—

"I'm glad you are suited at last, my dear boy. Of the two, I would rather call on Mr. Burton, which will save him the trouble of coming here. I will write to-morrow, and ask him to make an appointment for me to call."

"Do you not think it would be better to write to-night, uncle?" I said. "I should be sorry if the appointment were given to any one else."

"Just as you please," he replied, yawning. "Get me the pen and ink, and I will write at once."

I immediately obeyed him, and after the letter was written to Mr. Burton and addressed, he gave it to me to post, which I did without delay.

The following day Mr. Burton wrote a reply, making an appointment for my uncle to call on him. We all three met together at his private office in George Court, Lombard Street. The offices themselves consisted of two separate rooms, one, marked "private," for himself, and the other appropriated to two clerks. We were ushered into the private room, and I introduced my uncle to Mr. Burton. The conversation was short and explicit. My uncle was as cool, apathetic, and clear-headed as usual, and it struck me that the effect the meeting had on Mr. Burton was to do away with all surprise on his part at my wishing to go to sea. With regard to matters of financial arrangement, Mr. Burton, who appeared to be well up in the subject, told my uncle he considered my outfit would be from a hundred to a hundred and twenty pounds, and there might be fifteen to twenty pounds more for other items. My uncle pleaded ignorance on all similar matters, and asked Mr. Burton if he would kindly take the superintendence on himself, and if so, he should be happy to place a cheque immediately in his hands. Mr. Burton consented to the arrangement, a cheque was drawn, and my uncle, about five minutes afterwards, quitted the office, nor have I any reason to believe that he and Mr. Burton ever met again.

I must say these arrangements met with my unqualified approbation. I knew perfectly well that Mr. Burton would place the principal portion of the duty on his son, so that it would be much the same as if I had had the expenditure of the money myself, plus the prudent surveillance of Mr. Burton. Nor was I mistaken in the conclusion I had arrived at, for the next morning Mr. Burton told

me I was to call at his office, when his son would introduce me to an outfitter in Leadenhall Street, from whom I should be able to purchase all the things necessary for my voyage.

I shall never forget the effect the outfitter's warehouse had on me, when I entered it the next morning in company with young Burton. Nay more, my idea of the dignity of a midshipman in the Company's service increased immensely from the reception I met with. Nothing could be more polite or respectful than the behaviour of the head of the firm, a most gentlemanly elderly man. When introduced to him, he placed two chairs at a table, one for me and the other for Burton, and then putting before us a printed list of necessaries for the voyage, comprising at least a hundred different articles, he stood by to give us his opinion, in case it should be required. We went down the list seriatim, and I should say out of the whole of the number of articles mentioned as absolutely required for a midshipman, three-fourths were utterly useless. Burton remarked that he thought many of the things were hardly necessary, and pointed them out. The outfitter bore the opinion resignedly, and the articles were struck out of the list. The number of shirts I ordered would, I think, have been one a-day from the time I left England till the ship returned again; and socks in equal proportion. Everything, without the slightest exception, that could possibly enter the mind of a midshipman to conceive, and even beyond it, was sold by the outfitter. He had books, including Bibles and Testaments, and I believe it is more than possible, had I looked more carefully down the list, I might have found instructions for making a will, or directions for pious thoughts preparatory to the celebration of the marriage ceremony. I bought a valuable sextant or quadrant, I forget which article it was, but I never used it.

Having made my selection from the list, the foreman of the tailors was summoned to make my various uniforms. If the behaviour of the outfitter himself had been so respectful to me, and raised my opinion of the dignity of a midshipman, that of the foreman of the tailors increased it greatly. The earnest manner in which he regretted the trouble he gave me when required to hold up my arm for the measure of the sleeve, or other similar formalities, delighted me much, as proving the excess of importance I had received since my appointment. I purchased goods to the amount of a hundred and twenty pounds, the bill for which was to be sent to Mr. Burton; and we then left the warehouse, being bowed out with every mark of humility by the outfitter, the foreman of the tailors, and other officials employed in the warehouse.

I dined the same day with the Burtons, and made a more intimate acquaintance with the delicate cousin Mary Anne, whose health had now sufficiently recovered to allow her to be present at the table. To say the truth she began to interest me exceedingly, and the

sympathy I felt for her, as I watched her drooping form, was great indeed. After dinner, when I mentioned confidentially to Mrs. Burton—a somewhat romantic lady—how delicate her niece appeared, she replied that she was indeed “a fragile tendril.” The expression struck me as being exceedingly appropriate, and I thought of it during my long walk home that evening, and I believe dreamt of it that night as well.

By way of saving trouble the outfitter was to send my uniform, dirk, &c., to Mr. Burton's house, and the chest containing the remaining portion of my outfit on board the ship, marked with my name, and the three capital letters, M. M. M. (Midshipman's Mess) with directions where it should be placed. The same day the ship dropped down to Gravesend, where, on a certain day, I was to join her. I tried on my uniform that evening, and received the compliments of Mrs. Burton and her niece on my appearance. I hardly think, even at the present day, they were undeserved, for although barely more than sixteen I was so tall that I appeared two years older, was well-made, and my face not altogether unhandsome, at any rate that was the conclusion I came to at the time, as I looked at myself in the glass. If I had had any doubt on the subject, it would have been dispelled by a remark I heard made by Mr. Burton, in confidence, to his wife: “A remarkably fine-grown young fellow that.”

It had been determined by my uncle that I should reside at the Burtons' house until the ship left. This permission he gave with so little appearance of feeling that I felt rather annoyed at it, and said somewhat curtly, that I thought I had better take leave of him at once, to which he readily assented, and I left him without the slightest particle of regret on either side.

The following Sunday I attended divine worship at Limehouse Church, and on my way there and back, had the pleasure of having Mary Anne on my arm, as well as sitting next her in the pew. I had dressed myself in my uniform for the occasion, and excited, I think, a good deal of attention. The eyes of a great portion of the congregation I found were frequently directed on me, and I even thought the sermon had been preached especially for my benefit, though I afterwards learnt it was the one the reverend gentleman had preached regularly for many years at the beginning of the month of January, when ships were leaving for the Indies. He called the attention of captains and officers in authority over men, to the necessity of instructing them in the way they should go, and of taking care of their spiritual welfare, so as to order themselves in such a manner that they might be an example to the heathen in the different climes and parts they visited. They should show, he said, by their own pure lives and spotless characters, the blessings of Christianity and of Christian living, that the benighted pagans might say with wonder,

"Who can be the God of these men, whose lives are so free from sin and ungodliness?" What blessings would fall on the heads of those who carried out this system! And he was proud to say, that no body of men in the world carried out the principles of morality and Christianity to a greater extent than those who served in the ships of the merchant princes of England.

During the time the clergyman was making these remarks I looked at him attentively, trying to appear as if I were marking all he said, and treasuring up the advice he gave. I remember feeling rather puzzled at the time what expression to wear, and whether humility should be mixed up with it. But I then concluded a serious and marked attention would be better befitting the occasion, so I kept the muscles of my face as rigidly to that point as I could, and when I came out of church, I had some difficulty in relaxing them.

On quitting the churchyard, I saw outside a number of sailors, and wishing to wear as fully as possible that off-hand dignity of demeanour so characteristic of a naval officer, I held myself erect as I passed them. I did not even condescend to glance that way, and could not tell whether they touched their hats to me or not. One singular expression, however, fell on my ear which at the time I could hardly understand. A sailor in the group, evidently a ribald drunkard, said as I passed, "Company's candlestick!" It soon faded from my memory, and I should perhaps have forgotten it altogether had I not heard it afterwards.

I remained at Mr. Burton's house, before being ordered to join the ship, fully a week longer, during which time I had frequent opportunities of being in the company of Mary Anne. The more I saw of her, the more I liked her, and the more anxious became my inquiries respecting her health. When conversing with Mrs. Burton on the subject she frequently made use of the expression "fragile tendril," and on one occasion she told me, with tears in her eyes, that the physician had said the poor girl had not, unless by a miracle, twelve months' life in her. This intelligence caused me continued pain till the departure of the ship, for even if in her absence it subsided for a moment, it burst out afresh directly I saw her again.

The day for my joining the ship at last arrived, and I made preparations for leaving the Burtons' house. I arrayed myself in my full uniform, including the dirk and hat with the cockade, leaving my old clothes to be given to any poor person who might want them. I then took leave of my friends with many expressions of kind regard on both sides. It struck me that when I bade Mary Anne farewell I saw tears in her eyes, and lest my feelings should be too much for me, I was obliged to turn my head aside and hurry off to the hackney coach, which was waiting to take me to Billingsgate, where I should find a boat to Gravesend. Once in the coach I gave unrestrained vent to my emotions, and leaning back, so that my eyes

might not dwell on anything that was passing, and thus my attention be disturbed, I thought of the interesting creature I had left.

In this strain my thoughts continued till the coach had arrived in Lower Thames Street, when, from the block of carts which crowded the narrow thoroughfare, I was obliged to descend from the vehicle and continue my way on foot. I pushed through the crowd as well as I could, and entered Billingsgate market, which was then far from being the well-organised institution it is at the present day; for during business hours, to the eye of the uninitiated, it was a scene of the wildest confusion. Market was just over when I arrived, and the whole of the assistants, fishwomen and salesmen, were congregated together, laughing, scolding, and jesting, to the fullest extent of their lungs. On entering the market I drew myself up to my full height, and, with a sort of determined air, such as I had noticed naval men in authority assume, passed onward. Presently I heard some sailor near me say "Company's candlestick!" I remembered having heard it before, and the coincidence struck me forcibly, and I wondered what it could mean. Then I reached a block of fishwomen and others conversing together in a state of great excitement about something that had occurred during that morning's market, and my way was again impeded. Instead of asking them to allow me to pass, I, with an authoritative air, pushed by them, which seemed to annoy them greatly; for one of their number, a tall masculine-looking virago, said, as I passed, "There he goes, Company's candlestick!"

I turned round indignantly, and asked what she meant by insulting an officer and a gentleman in such an unprovoked manner. Instead of replying to my question, she only repeated the insult, which was taken up by all the others present, both male and female. I looked scornfully at them for a moment, and then considering how derogatory it would be for me to quarrel with them, I turned away and proceeded towards the boat. They all followed me, however, and others joined the crowd, calling out as they did so, "There he goes, Company's candlestick!" I was so annoyed that I turned round with the intention of attacking one of the foremost of my male tormentors, when again prudence got the better of me, and I went on till I reached the boat. I descended to the deck, nor were they content even then, but kept calling out from above, "There he goes, Company's candlestick!" clapping their hands the while to keep time.

At last, thoroughly enraged, I turned round, and placing myself in such a threatening heroic attitude that the statue of Ajax defying the lightning was, in comparison, but a feeble, washed-out, water-coloured sketch, I explained to them that they were nothing better than a set of ill-bred ruffians. One of the ladies among them, on hearing my words, seized a quantity of fish refuse, which she flung at me. It fortunately missed me, and fell on the deck. The mate of

the boat, however, fearing for the cleanliness of his decks, requested me to go below, or I might have other unsavoury compliments of the kind paid me. I thought it better to follow his advice, and, in a somewhat undignified manner, crept down the ladder into a little cabin,—for at the time I am writing of steamers were not invented. Although safe from their missiles, I was not in any manner sheltered from their insults, for I could hear, I believe, every male and female voice among them still calling out “Company’s candlestick! Company’s candlestick!” and thankful indeed was I when the captain gave orders to unmoor the boat, and we started with the tide down the river.

VI.

It seemed that day I was doomed to be disappointed in everything. On my arrival on board the *Vizagapatam*, I asked a sailor to whom I ought to report myself.

“To the officer on deck,” he replied, pointing to a dirty-looking young man, the fifth mate, who apparently had just left the hold.

“All right, young fellow,” he said. “You’ve not come before you’re wanted. Just go down into the hold, will you, and report yourself to the sixth officer, who is superintending the stowage of some water casks. But if you’d take my advice you’d shift that magnificent rig of yours, and put on something a little more ship-shape, or you’ll find your splendid appearance considerably blemished before you leave the hold.”

I must say I felt much annoyed at the reception I met with, and went below to the gun deck, where I saw written on a door, the words, “Purser’s steward.” Inside the cabin there was a dirty-looking man, whom I politely asked to show me my cabin.

“Certainly,” he said; “come this way.” He took me to the cabin I had visited when the ship was in the docks, and in which I found my sea chest. “This,” continued he, “is your berth, and you’re a lucky fellow, for I expect you won’t have any other midshipmen on board for the next week to come.”

“But where are their cabins?” I inquired.

“Their cabins!” he said, with a look of astonishment. “This is as much theirs as yours. Here the whole of you will eat, drink, and assemble for the next eighteen months, and your hammocks will be slung in the steerage. But now I must leave you.”

I must say I felt completely aghast at this intelligence, and as soon as I was alone, I seated myself on my sea chest, where I remained for some time. The mate whom I had seen on the deck then passed the cabin door, and seeing me seated, he said to me,—

“Didn’t I tell you to go to the fore-hold and place yourself under the orders of the sixth officer? You’d better do so at once, for

remember that on board this ship you will find it the rule that as soon as an order is given it must be obeyed."

Although he said this by no means in an offensive tone, I felt considerably annoyed; but opening my sea chest at once, I arrayed myself in a commoner suit of clothes, and went below into the hold, which appeared enormous. With some difficulty, in the obscure light of the few candles, I distinguished the sixth mate, and told him I had come on board.

"That's right," he said. "Now just take this lantern and light the men who are at work forward."

I now, for the first time, began to have some idea of the meaning of the words "Company's candlestick," which was, I afterwards fully discovered, a nickname applied to midshipmen, in consequence of a portion of their duties being to take charge of the lanterns when ship's stores and other commodities were being stowed away in the hold.

I remained in the hold till it was time for the hands to leave off work, when the sixth officer told me that as the midshipmen's mess had not been yet arranged I was to mess for the next few days with the officers. I now went to my cabin, and again put on my uniform, and the signal being given that dinner was ready, I proceeded to the cuddy or mess-room of the officers. On my entrance in full uniform, I was greeted by a loud laugh from the four officers present, one of whom, the third officer, told me they would excuse me for the future making so brilliant an appearance, and that on another occasion undress uniform, with clean hands and face, would be quite sufficient. During dinner, the conversation passed gaily between the officers, but not one word was addressed to me. As soon as the meal was over, and the wine and spirits put on the table, the third officer said coolly to me,—

"That will do, young fellow, you may now make yourself scarce."

During the time which elapsed between my arrival and that of my brother midshipmen, my life was a solitary one indeed; for although I took my meals with the officers, a word was never addressed to me by any of them, and as soon as the meal was over I was ordered to leave. During the day I was tolerably employed in pursuing my duties (as "Company's candlestick" in the hold), and in the evening I used, when the weather was fine and not too cold, to wrap myself in my watch coat and sit on one of the quarter-deck carronades or hen-coops, on the poop, and meditate. At least, I tried to meditate, for I rather liked the word, although I must say my meditations centred chiefly on Mary Anne and the unhappy fate evidently in store for her. I remember one afternoon I determined to write her a parting ode, which I devoutly hoped she would keep by her till her death. I never, however, completed more than about a dozen lines. The fact was, many insuperable difficulties arose in my way. I got through the first few lines well enough. I remember well my first

difficulty in the composition. It occurred in the following three lines :—

When first I saw thy pretty face,
At number two Commercial Terrace,
Sweet smiles and blushes darting—

The difficulty here arose as to "Commercial Terrace." On the one hand it appeared to give the simplicity of diction and *vraisemblance* to the verse which was desirable; on the other, "Commercial Terrace" seemed to destroy a great deal of the pathos. Then, again, I met with other difficulties in the versification, till at last I threw it aside and went on deck to meditate on the "fragile tendril" whom the world was so soon to lose. From that moment, however, my sympathy for her gradually decreased, and I believe it entirely dwindled away during a storm we encountered in the Bay of Biscay. Her life, I am happy to say, was spared. A few years since, when walking with a friend through Lincoln's-inn-Fields, a tall, elderly, and very corpulent lady came out of one of the offices and entered an open carriage standing by the pathway. My friend, who knew her, conversed with her for a few moments, and then joined me. On asking who she was, I found she was the wife of a barrister in large practice, and the mother of some ten children, and, in the course of his description, found she was the "fragile tendril" whose anticipated unhappy fate had caused me so much sorrow in my youth.

The early days of a midshipman's life when first he joins a ship, and the broken illusions which occur during the time, have been so often and so fully described, that it would be useless on my part to occupy the time of the reader by relating the occurrences which befell me. Suffice it to say, before the end of a week all my preconceived notions of an officer and a gentleman had been thoroughly dissipated, and nothing but the stern truth remained behind, that the charms of the service had been greatly overrated. At the time I became a midshipman the Honourable East India Company's Service was considered a better and more gentlemanly occupation than the sea service in similar ships is in the present day. How this conclusion was arrived at I know not; certainly nothing could be more detestable than the life I led when in the service. The position of the officers in society was far inferior to that of officers in His Majesty's service, although they were much better paid. Of this difference in their social position they seemed to be fully aware, and by way of rectifying it as far as possible, they tried to imitate the bearing and manners of the royal officers, and frequently caricatured them. A sort of gradation, or class, was established on board their ships, which on that of a high admiral would have been considered simply ridiculous. As a proof of their importance, they had introduced on board many of their ships a brutality and severity which would have been regarded as utterly infamous on board the most rigidly disciplined ship of war.

As a midshipman I held a sort of neutral position. I was expected to maintain a gentlemanly demeanour, and dress far above the sailors; but at the same time it was a crime little less than mutiny to consider that while I held the position of midshipman, I was at less than an unapproachable distance, in point of dignity, from the sixth mate. Shortly before sailing my five other messmates joined the ship. They were all sons of gentlemen, and of fair average education. Things went on very smoothly among us, and as far as our mess was concerned we had but little to complain of. We were divided into three watches, two in each watch, which rendered the duties by no means too onerous.

In the course of a couple of months we had all of us shaken down tolerably well into the performance of our several duties. We were often punished by mast-heading, and that too for very trifling offences. As a rule, with the exception of the captain, we cordially detested the officers of our ship, and not without reason. The officer of my own watch was a singularly objectionable character. He had formerly been in the navy, but had been constrained to leave the service from some act he had committed, and had then entered the East India Company's service. That he was a good seaman there was little doubt—that he was a ruffian was certain. The other officers imitated him as much as they could, thinking thereby to gain something of the tone and manner of the royal navy.

In due time the ship arrived at St. Helena, where she remained for some weeks. Here we took on board two companies of the —th regiment of foot, and several extra officers and their families whom we were to convey to Bombay. During this part of the voyage I had another access of the tender passion. Among the passengers on board the ship was a young lady who particularly attracted my attention. She was the daughter of Major C—, a kind-hearted, gentlemanly man, but whose position of course was so superior to that of the unfortunate East India Company's midshipmen, that anything in the shape of acquaintanceship, or even conversation, with the young lady was impossible.

Maria C— was an exceedingly pretty girl, about sixteen or seventeen years of age. She was evidently, from the expression of her countenance (for I never but once had the pleasure of speaking to her), exceedingly amiable. It was perfect happiness for me to see her come on deck. I used to watch her each afternoon, with her mother and sister, when the band was playing, and I sincerely envied the military officers who fluttered around her. On these occasions my eyes used to be incessantly riveted on her, and I was often severely rated by my superior officers for my inattention to my duties.

At last I felt certain she noticed me, but most probably only from the fact of my incessantly gazing at her when on deck. She evidently mentioned my behaviour to her sister, for the latter used to regard

me in a peculiar inquisitive sarcastic manner. I hardly think she mentioned it to her mother, at least I never had any reason to believe from that lady's conduct that she was even aware of my existence.

My affection for Maria increased to such an extent, that at last I grew desperate, and I determined, cost what it might, notwithstanding our fearful difference in position, to make known to her my passion. But how to do this was a difficulty indeed. To address her personally on the subject was of course impossible. Her mother was a cross-grained, ill-tempered woman, who, when not prostrated by sea-sickness, which unfortunately rarely occurred, had her eyes incessantly fixed on her daughters. I had too much dread of her to think of broaching the subject to her, even if my position would not have made such an act presumptuous.

There existed only one member of Maria's family with whom there was the slightest probability of my forming an intimacy, and that was her young brother, a boy about eleven years of age. I immediately broke ground with him, and succeeded admirably. I commenced by giving him a pressing invitation to the midshipmen's berth, where we sumptuously regaled him with some plum-duff and other delicacies, which I afterwards understood disagreed with him. By degrees our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, and then, after binding him over to eternal secrecy, I confided to him my unhappy consuming passion for his sister. Young as he was, and inexperienced in such matters, he kindly sympathised with me, and promised to assist me in every way in his power. I advised him to begin by pointing me out to his sister, and telling her how vastly superior I was to the other midshipmen, and then to hint gently to her how incessantly I was talking and thinking of her. This I considered would be as much as would be prudent for a commencement.

In a short time he told me his sister had remarked me favourably, and thought me very good-looking. Here was encouragement for me. Of course I sent word back that she was the loveliest girl I had ever seen. The next day she smiled kindly when she saw me. We were then within a fortnight's sail of Bombay. I used to weep bitterly in the night-watches when I thought that on her arrival there, I should see her no more. Sometimes I thought of deserting the ship and enlisting as a private in her father's regiment, but then our difference in position would even be greater than it was at present, so I gave over that idea. At last I summoned up sufficient courage to tell her brother how happy I should be if he could obtain from her some little object that I might keep as a memento of her. He asked what I should like, and I modestly left it to his discretion. He suggested a lock of hair, to which, as may easily be supposed, I gave a ready consent. I assured him such a gift was more than my

wildest imagination could have hoped for; that the possession of such a treasure would make me happy for life.

Bad weather then set in, and I did not see either the sister or brother again for some days. He was exceedingly delicate, and during the rain his mother confined him a prisoner to the cuddy. When I saw him again, he placed in my hand, without saying a word, a small folded paper about the size of a shilling. Anxious to know what it contained, I immediately rushed below, and with some difficulty contrived to open it unseen by anyone—no easy task, as solitude is rare in a midshipmen's berth. The paper contained a long but very thin tress of bright auburn hair, which I knew immediately by its beautiful colour and silky texture to be his sister's.

Never, I believe, was happiness equal to mine at that moment. The same day, I, clumsily enough, made out of the tail of one of my shirts a small bag. How grateful was I, at the time, for the foresight of Mrs. Burton, who had placed a housewife of her own manufacture in my sea-chest, which, at that critical moment, supplied me with needle and thread. The bag, when finished, was just large enough to hold the hair in its paper envelope. Out of respect to my treasure, I took particular pains in making the bag, and was not a little proud of it when finished. I then fastened it to a piece of spun-yarn, and placing it round my neck, wore it next my heart with all the respect due to a saintly relic.

The ship arrived at Bombay. On the day of Maria's quitting it I determined to speak to her. It required no little courage, but true love will encounter any risk. An opportunity at length presented itself. She was standing near the gangway, a little behind her family, who were waiting for a boat to take them on shore.

"Thanks, a thousand thanks," I said, "for your kind present! I wear it next my heart, and it shall never leave me."

The girl looked intensely astonished. "I don't understand you," she said aloud.

Her mother, hearing her speak, looked round, and asked what she had said.

"This gentleman," replied Maria hesitatingly, "made some remark, but I did not hear what it was."

"What is it you want, young man?" said her mother haughtily.

I was so taken aback that I could not answer a word, but sneaked sheepishly away. The mother mentioned the circumstance to her husband, who immediately reported it to the officer on watch,—the one already described as having been in the navy. He questioned me on the subject, but I refused to answer him a word, and was in consequence sent to the mast-head as a punishment. The old cat of a mother suspected there was something concealed, and of course was determined to find it out. Before leaving the ship she told the second officer he would greatly oblige her if he would make

inquiries, and let her know the result. He promised he would do so, and the family then went on shore.

That afternoon I heard nothing more on the subject. The next morning, however, when I went on duty, Mr. B., the second officer, called me before him.

"I very much suspect, young gentleman," he began, "that there is something more between you and that young lady than is generally known. Now I want to hear all the particulars; so have the kindness to inform me."

"I shall not give you any information on the subject," I replied; "and as the affair is not in any manner connected with the duties of the ship, you are not justified in demanding it."

"Let me give you warning not to speak to me in that manner, sir," he said, "as I don't choose to put up with it."

"I say again, you are not justified in acting in such a manner," I replied, firing up; "and more than that, in demanding it of me, you have committed an action unworthy of an officer and a gentleman."

"How dare you make use of that language to me?" he said. "Do you know who I am, and who you are? Don't imagine I will allow such a breach of discipline to be committed in any ship in which I am officer. Go to the mast-head, sir, and stop there till the hammocks are piped down in the evening. Do the same to-morrow, and your punishment shall continue till you give me a full reply to the question I asked you. It's a lucky thing for you," he continued, "that you are not in the navy. If you were, by — you'd get yourself hung for mutiny in less than a month."

"I am sorry I am not in the navy," I replied, mounting the rigging to go to my place of punishment. "Any naval officer would be ashamed to show his face who had been told he had acted in an ungentlemanly manner, at any rate without challenging the person who had insulted him, or would have considered it beneath him to have used his power instead, in the manner you have done with me."

"Possibly, sir," he said, "you intend that as an indirect challenge?"

"You will greatly oblige me by considering it as such," I called out to him, as I continued ascending the rigging.

He made no reply to me for a moment, but turned round and continued walking the deck; when, however, I was half-way up the main-topmast rigging, he called out,—"Come down, sir."

"I half suspect," he said, when I had reached the deck, "that you are not so great a fool as you look, or you would not have had the cunning to have played the game you have. At any rate, I admit you have succeeded. Not in impressing me that I was not justified in my behaviour, but that I don't choose so great a lie should be believed for one moment,—that I, an officer in His Majesty's service, am capable of using power in punishing any one who has challenged

me, without first bringing the subject before a court martial, or Court of Inquiry as we call it in this service. Now, I'll look over your behaviour this time; but mark well my promise, for by — I'll keep it. The next time you attempt to offer me a challenge, or in the most remote manner to forget the respect due to me as your superior officer, I'll simply have you tried, and sent before the mast; and for the first offence you commit there, however slight it may be, I'll take good care you are lashed up to the gratings, and have a sound three dozen as a reward. Now, go to your duty, and let me hear nothing more of you."

I obeyed him, and the subject dropped.

Although my quarrel with the second officer put Maria's behaviour somewhat out of my mind for a few days, I was still greatly puzzled how to explain it. The girl's look of surprise was certainly genuine; still, I had received the lock of hair from her, and had it in my possession. However, at last the mystery was cleared up. Before the ship left Bombay I was allowed one day's holiday on shore, and there, by chance, met Maria's brother. I requested him to tell me how the mistake occurred which was the cause of my making such a fool of myself. I found it was quite true that it was his sister's hair I had been wearing for so many days next my heart, but at the same time she was not aware it was in my possession. During the week her brother had been confined to the cabin by the wet weather, he had taken the opportunity of secretly collecting from his sister's hair-brush the stray hairs, and when he had obtained sufficient had formed them into the tress he had given me. He had thought the possession of it was all I wished for, and how obtained a matter of little importance.

(To be continued.)

TWO MILLIONAIRES.

THEY covered his face :—last grim seizure in bed,
Long years of repletion had given ;
But he always said “grace” o’er rich feasts when he fed,
So his chaplain equipp’d him for heaven.

“Wise Nature is Spartan in taste, my dear friend,”—
His physician had hinted at fifty ;
Then dismiss’d with last fee, he made last courtly bend ;
His successors—of counsel were thrifty.

So at sixty he died. “Dead at last !” said, with grin,
Rain-soaked hinds o’er their spades, hedging, ditching ;
“Ah ! he’s gone !” sigh’d poor widow in garret, worn thin ;
Her sempstress-way, Zionward, stitching.

Hives of workers, from cellar to garret, mean wage
Took of him for their hunger. Wealth-heaping,
Cent. per cent. was his hunger, well-glutted on rage,
Shame, sharp want, and fierce bursts of weeping.

Wealth wrung out of Want, who espies o’er park pales ?
Dappled deer stand in fern, or troop questing ;
Dream-like in blue distance the swan slowly sails ;
Ring-doves coo :—O most exquisite jesting

Hath Belial, transmuting fair scene thro’ coarse brain,
Into opiate to drowse conscience-clamour ;
Beauty—alchemized fair out of foul-gotten gain !
Sin—assailed by the auctioneer’s hammer !

Prince of Lies has deft art to slide play within play,
Base men act before world ill-perceiving ;
Park-ownership spreads sweet contagion in way
Of thousands—who shrink from trade-thieving.

Sylvan charm of the landscape constrains gentlest “Hush,
Hush, hush,” of the nice world, adjusting
Silk-soft phrase, while Wealth witches up fountains to gush—
Till the cheating fool, cheated to trusting,

Believes in—High-Life ! high-life looks up *his* life ;
 Spins him round like teetotum on table ;
 Shoots his pheasants ; makes she-fool of his jewel-neck'd wife ;
 And rich prize of his daughter, if able.

Such a fool was this dead man. Full-blown Millionaire,
 So his funeral was costly and splendid ;
 The Archdeacon of Goldeross mourned manfully there,
 And the Bishop of Merelawn attended.

How favour'd is Goldeross, where dean's mansion blest
 Peers thro' groves all Spring's choristers rich in ;
 But why must meek curate, hard-work'd and mean-drest,
 Look like pauper by cook of club-kitchen ?

Good Bishop, we trust churches save, white as snow,
 Poor souls huddled dark in life's steerage ;
 But say, did that Star in the East shine to show
 Where lay Babe—or your place in the peerage ?

Far light, how thou farest ! Sharp the orthodox-turns,
 From that "cup" to fierce lawsuits o'er chalice ;
 From the manger-laid Babe, where dim stable-light burns,
 To church militant throned in a palace.

Meanwhile no small Dives his conscience need chafe,
 His modest half-million to fish up ;
 Here was three-million-power of wealth, pronounced safe
 By venerable Archdean and Lord Bishop.

Why not ? Threadbare Honour we spurn ; rotund wealth
 Warms to worship our souls, clear from sham on ;
 This Millionaire massed not his riches by stealth—
 Built his ingots four-square up to Mammon !

Faced both worlds ; minted manhood ; his heart spur'd and lash'd,
 Rear'd it back from torn hairs, tears thick-pelting ;
 Would have dragg'd down fork'd lightnings round Sinai that flash'd,
 To fuse bullion—and save cost of smelting.

His tomb was to be—Mausoleum of size,
 And the people lined all the approaches ;
 But there was not one tear in long lane of their eyes,
 Nor one tear in the long string of coaches.

"He brought nothing in : he can take nothing out :
 He awaits Resurrection-trump stirring :"
 I heard ; but o'er grand words crept chill films of doubt,
 When I thought what awaited interring.

All is over : coffin lower'd, and rattles the mould,—
 Poor Cræsus ! in darkness abiding :
 The hard-mouth'd heir looks down, with seemly white fold,
 His ill-suppress'd countenance hiding.

“ ‘*Sworn under*’—how much ? so to millions he throve,
 Probate-tax will be pot of state-honey ! ”
 So chatter'd his friends, as their carriages drove
 Full fast from dead man back to money.

From his grave, all unwept, all the people had flown ;
 None had stolen thro' the gates to bemoan him ;
 Not even a dog, for his master alone,
 Had crept there with dumb meaning to own him.

O parasite world, whom to feast was his pride !
 Light you roll from his grave and forget him ;
 While a hound—had he loved one—would cling to his side,
 Day and night, and die here, would we let him.

Half I wept. The harsh noise of the world roll'd away.
 He was done with. Now never more round him,
 Last linger of love none can utterly slay,
 Till the worm for her feasting has found him.

And thro' the long grasses the night-wind shall sigh,
 Holy Night come, and breathe round her spirit :
 And processions of stars pass, that once from on high
 Bade him rise, and aspire, and inherit.

“ No dreams ! solid wealth ! ”—he made answer—and then
 Dream'd his dream, till Death-roused from possessing,
 He was borne away empty from world full of men,
 Men in millions—no tear, not one blessing.

Borne away past all worlds ; phantom sight, phantom sound !
 His own world—great arena of Being—
 Save for gold, he found empty ! where fulness is found
 For him—the soul shudders from seeing.

He was not like that Stranger from Land of the West,
 Wealth by sheer force of intellect riving ;
 Then he stripp'd off his millions, and lay down to rest,
 That the poor might have joy of his striving.

Wealth, won in our England, on altar he laid,
 Of his heart, heaven-touched, and dissolving,
 It flow'd thro' waste places, and music was made,
 Heaven-heard, by our world in revolving.

And light, and new song, that shall herald new morn,
 Live, and leap from the lyre in telling ;
 And dance in the smile of the baby unborn,—
 Babe of workman in Peabody's dwelling !

For he made it, then gave it, and that was sublime :
 Kingly worth in that deed was unfolden—
 The Republican sits on a throne of the time,
 With heart-sway o'er both hemispheres holden.

And the heart of the nation was touch'd : and took heed
 That a hero of commerce had glory !
 And to save from oblivion his beautiful deed,
 For renown, and remembrance in story,

Lo, his Statue smiles full on great mart of our land !—
 Silent lips Christ's divine thought expressing ;
 And pilgrims to Britain come thither to stand,
 And uncover, and pass on with blessing.

'Midst the roaring of London, how calm sits he there,
 Smiling peace o'er the people loud-surgings !
 And the smile of his peace passeth on unaware,
 Thro' their hearts, to their faces emerging.

The mother, hand-holding her boy, shall draw nigh,
 And breathe in the young heart, thoughts sowing
 That shall kindle his spirit, flash light to his eye,
 From a Source that is not of our knowing.

Children's children shall say—Behold ! Peabody smiles,
 As he smiled, when, all title and station
 Waived aside, he accepted from Queen of the Isles,—
 Just her portrait to give to his nation.

Shine out, noble Deed ! Shine from hovel to hall,
 Shine where sharp Want man's visage defeatures ;
 Shine thro' Millionaire's blindness, and write on his wall—
 YOUR MILLIONS ARE YOUR FELLOW-CREATURES.

Science strains searching gaze on far future for light,
 For light is the poet's deep yearning ;
 It glimmers, recedes, star-crown'd height is no height,
 Straight-hewn roads end in labyrinths of turning.

Nor streams light thro' wires that link race to race,
 Under oceans ; nor from harps of our stringing ;
 Love, only, prevails to inviolate place,
 And returneth, vouchsafed, and light-bringing.

Grow, light born of love—light illuming dark den
Of squalor, and ignorance hiding ;
Grow, move over faces of armies of men ;
And that light—shall be light abiding.

Grow, light of Christ's charity ; beam in our souls,
Lest our personal ambitions enslave us ;
Our glory allures even the best to false goals,
Our creeds cringe ; our riches deprave us.

But thy tender halo of light shall remain ;
Perpetual thy smile on our going ;
Are we victors ? without thee all conquest is vain :
Do we know ? thou art best of our knowing.

Keen-eyed watch the People ; class-gulfs widen still ;
Wealth and Want look askance, each distrusting ;
Modern Sisyphus climbs to roll his stone down hill ;
But hath avalanche eyes for adjusting ?

Well-won wealth is just product of bold heart, clear brain ;
Let it prosper to millions ! not lurking,
But graciously mixing its strength with the strain
Of this wonderful age, and its working.

Lest levers, wealth-forcing, prove but giant-lies,
That shall snap in a coming commotion ;
Slowly, slowly, the tide rises high—but doth rise ;
And behind is a storm-crested ocean !

Behold ! men are dead who make temples of marts ;
Dead ere spirit from body dis sever ;
But PEABODY lives—lives in warm-beating hearts
Of two great kindred nations for ever.

SUMNER.

A LADY ORATOR ON THE JOINT EDUCATION OF WOMEN AND MEN.

COUNTRY cousins now-a-days manage to see and hear almost everything that is notable in London, but there must be some of them who do not know St. George's Hall, Langham Place, or, by personal observation, the uses to which it is put on Sundays. St. George's Hall is not far from the Polytechnic, and that church with the extraordinary spire which nobody with eyes in his head will ever, having once seen it, forget,—anymore than he can cease to remember that almost equally queer one out Brick Lane way, or that other strange structure near Limehouse, the "spire" of which is an Ionic column topped with a lightning conductor. St. George's Hall has its main entrance in Langham Place, and it has side doors in Mortimer Street, the latter being used for holders of reserved tickets at meetings and religious services. My acquaintance with the building began in the days when it was opened for English Opera; and a most dreary evening I once spent there, while a new work of art in that kind was being dragged through in the hearing of a skeleton audience. My next visit to the place was to hear Mr. Voysey's pro-christening service—when the place was full, and the whole thing animated and interesting, though the sermon was unnecessarily controversial, and there was a want of repose and artistic keeping. These effects it might be difficult to secure for such a service in such a place,—a theatre, with private boxes, curtain, proscenium, and all the rest; Mr. Voysey, too, though very sincere and unobtrusive in manner, being himself a note-of-interrogation sort of man, with life enough in him for six agitators. The third and last time I went to St. George's Hall, Langham Place, was to hear a lecture by Miss Mary K. Beady, M.A. of Antioch, U.S., on colleges for the joint education of men and women. It was late in last spring, and the lecture was, I think, the last of the series given that season by the Sunday Lecture Society.

I was there in good time, expecting to find a crowd, but the place was only moderately well filled by three in the afternoon. In front of the drop-scene, just where the shade is placed for the lime light, was a desk, at which Miss Beady was to stand. I had heard Miss Kemble and Miss Glyn read in public, and had wondered on this occasion whether there would or would not be a table and chair as usual, and whether or not the lady would be led on by a gentleman,

and again attended by one when the lecture closed. I concluded that under the circumstances this arrangement would be considered out of moral keeping; and the conclusion proved to be correct.

Among the audience, my eye soon caught types as diverse as the faces of Mr. Andrew Johnston, M.P., and the author of "Man and his Dwelling-place." There were many others that I knew, and altogether it was an audience of good faces. You involuntarily said to yourself, "Nice people." The reader may probably have noticed that at unorthodox places of the better type, the heads and faces are usually much better than those you would see at an ordinary church or chapel. The reason is obvious—whether their opinions are right or wrong, these people are pretty sure to have plenty of faith, hope, and idealising power, and to be capable of self-sacrifice for principle's sake (while at the ordinary orthodox place a large part of the audience are simply respectable imitators). I say self-sacrifice with some emphasis, because, in spite of all we hear about the absence of persecution now-a-days, there is, in truth, plenty of the indirect kind, and it is only the rich who can well afford to keep convictions. I repeat then, that at many unorthodox places you see a set of very good countenances—and such a set I saw upon this occasion. Two drawbacks there often are in these cases. You see here and there the intellectually conceited face, and sometimes, the hard, scolding, rebellious, unimaginative face. I do not know that these are worse than two types which you are sure to see in abundance at church or chapel, —how *shall* we name them?—the full-fed-ruffian-church-and-state face; and the other-worldly, or christianity-and-shop face; but—

But let the unpleasant faces go; for here comes Miss Beady to the front, and hers is a pleasant one. She lifts the drop-scene at the left hand side, and steps forward unattended to the desk. The lady looks a little, a very little timid, but she is received with a good hearty round of applause, and is almost instantly at her work as a lecturer. I carefully noted her dress, at the time, but can only now remember that her bonnet was trimmed with blue. She looked to me about thirty years old: and she had rather a plump, oval face, without much colour. At her first accents I saw several people smile and whisper—there was the national twang, no mistake about it. Then the lady went on to say that she had such things to tell that she hardly hoped to be credited, but that she should tell her story very simply, and rely upon "an honest face," to get herself believed. Another round of applause testified to the general impression that Miss Beady had an honest face; and she certainly had; a nice frank friendly face. I watched it very closely, both while she was lecturing, and while she was shaking hands with persons to whom she was afterwards introduced—indeed I had taken an opera-glass with me, but found no chance of using it on the sly, and had not the impudence to use it openly—and I liked her.

The reader must please not to imagine here that I went to this lecture with any particular prejudice to be propitiated. I simply record my impressions as a reporter.

It struck me, among other trifles, that the lecture had been "pointed for applause"—is that the right phrase?—and had been delivered before. The lady appeared to me to pull up at certain places, where it was probable the audience would clap—for instance at the mention of Dr. Arnold's name. But very likely I am wrong here, and it is quite right to "point" a lecture in this way; indeed, it may be added, necessary. In my own lecturing days I used always to be rebuked for never making half an instant's pause, clapping or no clapping. And one remembers what Mrs. Siddons (?) said when some one remarked that the applause of an audience gave you courage—"Better than that," said Lady Macbeth—"it gives you breathing-time." At all events Miss Beady was several times interrupted by evidently sincere and simple-hearted applause from her evidently intelligent listeners.

I suppose, then, a great deal of what she said was new to the gentlemen present; but what surprised me a little, after her opening, was that her lecture contained so little that was likely to be new to an Englishman who had read what was easily accessible to him upon the subject. The lecture was exceedingly clear, moderate in tone, and well considered. If there had been present persons requiring to be conciliated, it was admirably adapted to meet their case. And it was, of course, especially interesting because Miss Beady stood there before us in body and bonnet, Mistress of Arts from the very identical Antioch, U. S.—a cultivated lady, pleasantly yet fearlessly going over the whole field of university culture from a special point of view. The only thing in the lecture which was new to me was the case of a young lady who solved a certain test-problem in mathematics which for many years male students had failed to solve. But it could not be surprising to any tolerably well-read person. All depends on who the lady-student is. No one lifts his eyebrow on reading in Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Psychology* that the author of "*Silas Marner*" had suggested in conversation with him an important modification of one of the canons of reasoning. Nor ought anyone to be surprised at hearing that from the point of view of morality and even propriety, no evil results have been found to follow from the joint education of men and women in colleges. True, English sentiment in these matters is apt to be brutal; but the opinion of men and women such as those Miss Beady was addressing is likely to be no more than cautious and considerate.

One of Miss Beady's points was, I fancied, not taken by the audience. After remarking that the conjoint pursuit by lads and lasses of certain scholastic ends, under conditions of commonplace familiarity, was not found favourable to love-affairs, she added that under these dull quasi-domestic conditions there was still some room

left for imagination to do its usual work between boys and girls. A very faint stress on the "some" suggested to me a humorous intent on the lady's part, but the listeners did not seem to catch it.

Human experience differs widely. My own knowledge of such matters leads me to fancy that there are no possible conditions short of separate prison-cells under which boys and girls will not "connoodle." Certainly, there never was a time in my own boyhood when I did not long to do all a girl's tasks for her,—and put my arm around her waist, while I did them. I did not, then, lay much stress on Miss Beady's comment, that intrigues were almost impossible in the public atmosphere of a large college. Nor did I feel sure, however undesirable the love-making is, that this kind of scholastic mob-law regulation by public opinion might not do more harm than good *upon the whole*.

Miss Beady said, among other things, that the state of culture at American colleges in general was (—what we might easily infer it would be—) something like this,—that the general level of attainment among the students was higher, but that there were fewer instances of very high attainment. Miss Beady did not absolutely affirm that this is a desirable state of things; but I should say the tendency of education in general is now-a-days to produce it, and certainly (indeed, I think this was part of her point) the joint education on a large scale of lads and lasses. But it is not yet proven—though the assumption is constantly made—that it is finally better for progress to have a fair general level of culture with few eminences than to have a lower general level with more eminences. It is not, indeed, proved that we have or ever can have, the means of deciding between the two states of things; or that we can ever be sure of going right by aiming at one result or the other, or, indeed, at any result calculated upon the supposition that the well-being of the greatest number is ours to do as we please with.

However, I am just now merely a reporter, taking pen in hand to say that it was pleasant to see and listen to Miss Beady. Those who wish to know more about the lecture may turn to an *Examiner* of some date in last May (my copy of that particular number is at a distance), which gives an admirable summary. My sole object now is to communicate a little of the pleasure I myself received, and not to express opinions.

A. HUNTER.

CALDERON'S SACRED DRAMAS.*

THE PURGATORY OF S. PATRICK.

THE religious plays of Calderon occupy a middle place between his "Autos," or dramatized sacred allegories, and his secular theatre. They resemble this last in their treatment of their subject, though that subject itself is nearly allied to the theme of the first named. That is to say that in his sacred drama (properly so called) Calderon pursues the same religious purpose as in his "Autos," but by more ordinary and by more worldly means. He does not call us in it to breathe that atmosphere of faith and love, untroubled by the mists of earth, which surrounds us in the "Autos." He bids us gaze up to heaven, but he places near us many objects which draw our glances downwards—at least, till the play is nearly ended. One great thought rules the "Auto" of Calderon from its opening until its close; many strive with it for the pre-eminence in his sacred drama. The heroes and heroines of his plays of this class remind us much of their counterparts in his other works, whereas the personages of the "Autos" are abstract types—Grace and the Virtues revealed in bodily shape to the admiring gaze, representations of suffering Human Nature and of her great Deliverer. In the "Auto" the buffoon (*gracioso*) intrudes now and then, but suitably apparelled as *Free-Will* gone astray, or as *Innocence* perverted into *Malice*. But he disports himself as fearlessly in the religious as in the secular drama of Calderon; making jokes and telling funny stories just before a martyrdom or a celestial vision, as freely as does his brother clown amidst assignations and duels. So that while the "Auto" raises us at once to stand with Dante and his two poet-friends on the blissful summit of the Purgatorial Mount,

"Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly;"

in the sacred drama we are yet labouring up the hill-side to reach it, as Dante and Virgil did, with the sins and sorrows of earth still echoing round us. Thus even Calderon's religious plays stand related to his "Autos" somewhat as do the third and fourth books of the "Faëry Queen" to the first and second, or as does the "Gerusalemme

* 1. *Las Comedias de Calderon*. 2. Calderon's Dramas ("The Wonder-working Magician," "Life is a Dream," "The Purgatory of S. Patrick"), translated by D. F. MacCarthy. London: H. S. King & Co. 3. Three Dramas of Calderon (including "Devotion of the Cross"), by D. F. MacCarthy. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 8, Grafton Street.

Liberata" to the "Divina Commedia." They are more easily understood, but theirs is a less lofty strain of poetry; they can engage the interest of a larger circle, but they make a less frequent and less earnest appeal to our noblest faculties. Yet, on the other hand, they possess the "warmth and colour" which the "Auto," with its "fine severity of perfect light," lacks. And, though some of Calderon's saints are in rather conventional attitudes, and his sinners painted with an unnatural excess of blackness, there is no question that the eye finds relief in looking at their substantial forms after a prolonged gaze at the shifting shadows of metaphysical entities which play before it with perplexing brightness in the "Autos." Nor can we wish for a better specimen of Calderon's fertile and versatile genius, if we must select one class amongst his many different classes of plays, than his sacred drama. There are besides fine tragedies, such as "The Physician of his Honour" and "The Alcalde of Zalamea;" skilfully constructed comedies, like "The Fairy Lady" and "Silence is Best;" imaginative plays;* classic fables dramatized, as "Perseus and Andromeda;" historic pictures both of earliest and latest date, commencing with the mythical "Semiramis," to end with the contemporary "Siege of Breda;" romances placed on the stage, drawn alike from the tales of chivalry which inspired Ariosto and from the primitive pages of Heliodorus. But in nearly each of these varied styles of dramatic composition an Englishman, at least, can scarcely avoid an involuntary comparison with that supreme genius who commended his soul to God at Stratford when Calderon was about to begin his long and prosperous career at Madrid.† "Othello," "Twelfth Night," "The Tempest," "Troilus and Cressida," "Henry the Fourth," "Romeo and Juliet," did they stand alone, were there no "Hamlet," no "Macbeth," no "Lear" in the background, would each outweigh singly Calderon's most numerous and most successful productions of their respective class. The rich, trim garden, with its luscious scents and well-ordered flowers, with the shrubs hiding its boundary wall so well, and the alleys corresponding to one another with such exact symmetry, cannot (according to Trench's good simile) give us the delight of the grand foreground of majestic oaks opening glades up which the fairies sport, with rock and ravine behind them; or of torrent and lake, over which snow-crowned peaks tower, while the blue sea is revealed through wild mountain gorges to give the mind a sense of infinity.

It is only when Calderon stands on sacred ground that he fails to provoke in our minds an involuntary and invidious comparison. His terrible "Absalom" need not fear to be set beside the Old Testament dramas of Racine and Metastasio. His martyr-plays show well by the

* "Life is a Dream," the play especially referred to here, will be found well translated in Mr. MacCarthy's new volume. It is one of its author's best plays.

† Calderon was sixteen the year of Shakespeare's death.

"Polyeucte" of Corneille and the "Virgin Martyr" of Massinger. This ground, for whatever reason, the mightier English genius refused to occupy ; or deferred its occupation to those last thirty years of life which he was not destined, like the kindred spirit of Sophocles, to enjoy. Here, then, Calderon presents himself to us as a typical instance of the sacred dramatist of the romantic school. The inheritor of the religious fervour which in mediæval times found rude but vigorous expression in mystery and miracle-play, surviving to our own day among the peasants of the Ammergau, he devotes to its service dramatic powers which (in their own line) have been seldom equalled, at one point never surpassed. Here, fully as much as in his secular plays, we admire that skill in the construction and unfolding of the plot, which Schiller frankly owned would, earlier studied, have saved Goethe and himself from great mistakes. Here is poured forth that wealth of beautiful imagery, that highly poetic view of life is here apparent, which make Calderon's world so much fairer and nobler than that of ordinary mortals. Here, too, in the space of eleven or twelve dramas appears, as in the hundred others, their wonderful writer's vast range of subject. From the days of King David to those of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, from the Cross predicted to the Cross exalted as the penitent's sole refuge, from the martyrdom of Apostle or early Christian to the defeat of the Moors by the hosts of the faithful, he seeks and finds materials to employ to the honour of the Redeemer and of his Virgin Mother. In one of these dramas we plunge into the mysteries of Hades ; in another we approach the subject of Faust ; in a third we feel ourselves on the brink of an abyss, terrible as that which opened before the unthinking *Œdipus*. This last, "The Devotion of the Cross," was one of its great author's earliest efforts, and exhibits to the full the defects and merits incident to juvenile performances. It shows another thing also—the degradation of the faith of Spain in the seventeenth century. The Cross, so Scripture tells us, was erected that "we, being dead unto sin, might live unto righteousness." According to the teaching of the popular tale here dramatized, it was set up in order that men might live in sin yet die the death of the righteous, as a reward for certain external acts of a mechanical devotion to its outward symbol.

For this frightful perversion of the most blessed of truths, which justly provoked Coleridge's denunciation of Roman Catholic anti-nomianism, we must hold the age more responsible than the young poet, to whose matured thoughts on such themes this early composition possibly bore no closer relation than did "The Robbers" of Schiller to that great man's later estimate of social and political questions. But though this play stands justly condemned by the common creed of Christians, it is well worth reading on other grounds ; and we strongly recommend those to whom the original is inaccessible

to study "The Devotion of the Cross" in Mr. McCarthy's very able version. Few indeed of Calderon's plays impress the mind with an equal sense of power. Who that has read it will forget how gloomy is the cloud of impending fate which hangs over its actors from the first: over the son, an outcast through his father's crime, a crime of which he is himself the destined avenger; over the father, the unwitting instrument of that son's punishment! or how, athwart these shadows of the antique tragedy, shoot milder rays from the Christian's sun; the cross protecting the unworthy children commended to it at their birth-hour by their hapless mother, saving them from the last awful plunge into the gulf of crime, and sheltering them when they repent at last! Scenes like the one in which the wretched Julia stands between her dead brother's corpse and his living murderer (her lover, and also her unknown brother), or that in which the power of the cross puts to flight the robber who had pursued her into her convent asylum, print themselves deeply on the memory. When brother falls by his unknown brother's hand at the foot of the very cross which their father had sought to reddens with their mother's blood, we feel the presence of the ancient Nemesis. When the transgressor, slain in his turn, rises from his neglected and lowly bed in the solitary ravine to receive absolution at the foot of the cross which he died invoking, and ends his life where it first began, pardoned at last and in peace, we confess a more awful yet more consoling presence than Hellenic tragedy ever dreamed of.

Akin in awe-inspiring power to this play, great in spite of its many faults, is Calderon's delineation of the darkest tragedy of David's house, in his "Absalom's Hair." Readers of Trench's charming "Essay on Calderon" will remember his account of the grandest scene of this terrible tragedy; to which, while referring persons previously unacquainted with either, we ought perhaps to add, that this fine scene is a very favourable specimen of the play, which, taken as a whole, scarcely corresponds to the expectations which that scene, singly considered, would excite. Calderon's other drama on an Old Testament subject, "The Sybil of the East," is founded on the legend which made the tree which caused man's fall prove the instrument of man's redemption. Inspired by strange visions, the Queen of Sheba quits her own land to point out to King Solomon the high virtues of the tree which his temple-builders had rejected; and Calderon pours forth his accustomed streams of oriental hyperbole, to celebrate in mystic strains from her lips this first discovery, by anticipation, of the True Cross. Its recovery, in after-ages, is the theme of another of his plays—"The Exaltation of the Cross." To win back that precious relic the Christian emperor, Heraclius, leads an army against the Persian Cosroes; by whom he is defeated, surrounded, and only offered life for himself

and his troops on condition of their apostasy from the Faith. They reject the proposition with noble scorn, and, at their prayer, receive the help of the angelic hosts, by whose aid defeat is turned into victory, and Heraclius returns in triumph, not to either Rome, but to Jerusalem, to place the venerable wood with his own hands in the church of Constantine and Helena.

These two last plays in honour of the cross are, happily, free from the moral perverseness of their more celebrated predecessor; although, like it, they are pervaded by a superstition which insists on confounding the outward symbol of a great truth with the truth which it represents. It is in his plays in honour of the Virgin that Calderon most grieves us: while admiring their child-like simplicity of trust and outpouring of tender and loving devotion, we cannot but feel indignant with the Church whose false teaching turned such rich streams so far from their true channel. Of these dramas, seven in number, only two are generally accessible; though it is believed that the other five exist in manuscript. One of those published, "*Dawn in Copacabana*," is a highly imaginative account of the first conquest of Peru. The gentle natives are credited with the bravery of the Mexicans, and calumniated by being called, like them, sacrificers of human victims. The Spanish valour is exalted at their expense; the Spanish cruelty concealed. The dismay of the Peruvians at the first sight of a ship, and the sound of cannon when the cross is borne to land and planted by an adventurous hand on their coast, leads them to seek an offering for their sun-god. The lot falls on the beautiful priestess, Guacolda, whose lover, the cacique, seeks at first to save her from the fate to which the advancing tide of misfortune forces him shortly to abandon her; complaining, as she prepares to suffer, of the hard lot which dooms her to die for a god of whose love she feels no assurance, and who, as she says, would not die for her. Her humbler lover, Yupanqui, risks his life to save her and is doomed to die with her by the jealous cacique. But Guacolda grasps the cross, already revered by the wild beasts, to the dread of the Peruvians who marvelled at its first erection, and her foes are unable to seize her; perishing themselves shortly after, in the victorious advance of the Spaniards. The third, and final, act of the play opens after the lapse of many years. The Peruvians, enlightened by the Sun of Righteousness, have in great numbers forsaken the worship of the material sun. Guacolda, baptized in the name of the God who did not shrink from death for her sake, is the wife of the faithful Yupanqui. An eye-witness to the miraculous deliverance of Pizarro and his followers when, surrounded on every side by the enraged Peruvians, and, about to perish in the flames, they called on the Virgin, and she (appearing in glory amidst clouds of snow) extinguished the fires and saved them from their enemies, it is Yupanqui's eager ambition to frame her image such as he beheld her then. Night and day the

poor untaught devotee labours at his pious task ; but his failure is humiliating, and the statue, after all his pains, only provokes the derision of the beholders. He tries again with fervent prayer, and, as a last resource, expends all his wealth in having the ill-shaped mass gilded, and so made rich, if not beautiful. A great religious ceremony is to take place next morning, in the presence of the governor of Peru, and the image, if at all worthy of the honour, is to be adopted and borne by a religious confraternity. The malevolent prepare to scoff, the well disposed to pity, as the poor Peruvian lifts the curtain before his workshop. But what a marvel ! Angels have descended in the night, amidst hymns of joy, to retouch the image of the " True Dawn bearing the True Sun ; " and the Madonna and her divine Child dazzle the eyes of the awe-stricken beholders, and enrapture the faithful Yupanqui by his un hoped-for success.

Long as is the interval between the acts of this drama, it is not greater than that which elapses in several of Shakespeare's plays. Far wider chasms are overleapt in Calderon's kindred " Virgin of the Sanctuary," each of the acts of which belongs to a different century, and to another order of things than the preceding, with, of course, entirely new personages. But the principal scene of each act is the same—the great Cathedral of Toledo ; and the true heroine of the drama, the connecting link which holds its acts together, is the miraculous image of the Virgin there revered. In each act, too, an interesting epoch of Spanish history is well illustrated ; and we can well believe with what thrilling interest a Spaniard would follow through them the reverses and triumphs of his forefathers—the cross falling before the crescent to arise again and stand resplendent above its waning brightness. The first act belongs to the early Gothic kingdom, and exhibits the faith triumphant over heresy, and the joy of Christian Toledo only disturbed by presage and prophecy of the eclipse of the light which it now enjoys—of the dark days which will have come to Spain when the fair image it reveres shall be hidden.

Those dark days have come when the second act begins. The Moors are at the gates of Toledo. The Archbishop flees the town, walking barefoot, and carrying with him the relics of its numerous saints. He orders the Virgin's image to be carried likewise in the mournful procession, that he may find it a safe refuge among the Christians. But it cannot be lifted ; and in this unexpected hindrance the Toledans thankfully discern the resolution of their protectress to remain and guard her children through their hour of trouble. Before admitting the Moors into the conquered town, the governor hastens with a few faithful friends to hide the image beneath the cathedral pavement. In the gloom of night, with wail and chant of sorrow borrowed from Jeremiah's " Lamentations," they mourn the desolation of their Jerusalem, and, as they lower their treasure into the dark cavern, pray that (like Joseph of old), it may

yet be lifted from the pit and exalted to reign and rule. In the third act Toledo is once more in Christian hands. King Alphonso has won it again from the Moors. Few now remember that the Virgin's image once existed; the knowledge of its hiding-place has died out, and the king has not scrupled, by way of conciliating his new subjects, to leave the old cathedral, now a mosque, in their hands. His wife, Queen Constance, is grieved at her husband's want of zeal; in his absence she boldly seizes the church and hands it over to the archbishop for Christian uses. The king hears with indignation, from the complaints of the aggrieved Moors, of his wife's aggression, which he resolves to punish, and hastily returns to Toledo. In a striking scene, Constance with dishevelled hair, crucifix in hand, confronts her angry husband before the altar; bidding him take her life with a dagger which she holds out to him, if on full consideration he deems her worthy of death. Then the distant chant of heavenly choristers draws his attention to the long-forgotten hiding-place of the Virgin. A bright light streams from its inmost recesses, and reveals her glorious beauty to the astonished eyes of the Moor who had been demanding back his mosque from the king, but who now, suddenly converted, implores Christian baptism. The sacred image rises of its own accord from the dark depths which have so long hidden it from view, and is borne in solemn procession, amid hymns and shouts of joy, to its long-vacant place in the restored cathedral.

In spite of the superstition which disfigures the "Virgin of the Sanctuary," it is a very interesting play, chiefly from the power of the patriotic sentiment which it expresses. It makes us wish that Calderon had dealt less with the mythologic and classic personages, whom he transforms in numerous dramas into Spanish cavaliers and señoras, and more with the great men and women of old Castille and Aragon. Even now his noblest hero is, though not a Spaniard, yet a Portuguese. His "Steadfast Prince," though strictly to be reckoned among his historical plays, has nevertheless many claims to be enumerated among Calderon's sacred dramas. That Christian Regulus is not more the flower of chivalry than of saintliness, and wins his place among the noble army of martyrs by the patient endurance of protracted agonies for the sake of the faith.* And his is a true story, undisfigured, till his death, by miraculous appearances or visions. It is impossible, when we compare the holy Ferdinand with his cousin and contemporary Henry the Fifth, to deny that the selfish glory of the victor of Agincourt looks poor in the purer light which encircles the preserver of Ceuta: nor can we help wishing that the mightier genius who, in Prince Hal, bequeathed a fascinating but

* This fine play has been translated by Mr. MacCarthy. An analysis of it, with original versions of some passages, appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine" for May, 1873, in the latter part of an article, entitled "Two Acts of Self-Devotion."

dangerous model to future royal scions, had known and depicted the loftier type of prince which fate reserved to the hand of Calderon.

Each of the sacred dramas which we have hitherto named has, with the exception of "The Devotion of the Cross," an historical basis. It is not so with the five others, which are framed from legendary sources. The four martyr-plays deserve more prolonged attention than we can bestow upon them at the present moment. The remaining drama, the "Purgatory of S. Patrick" (though presenting us in the saint with a true historical character), is yet wholly legendary in its plot and incidents. Like "Cymbeline" and "Lear," it deals with pre-historic Celtic annals, and, like them, it makes small attempt to preserve the manners and customs of its day. Still a poetic instinct has guided Calderon, as in "The Devotion of the Cross," to a suitable scenic background for his tale of wonder; and the mysterious cavern which leads to the under-world opens, with great imaginative fitness, amid the Ossianic mists and sea-girdled rocks of the cloud-wrapt isle which ever listens to the murmur of the melancholy ocean. On several accounts "The Purgatory of S. Patrick" may be regarded as a good specimen of Calderon's sacred drama. As such Mr. MacCarthy has thought it worth the labour of translating twice over. His second version, recently published, is an exact fac-simile of the metres of the original; ranging, as do most of Calderon's plays, from the Italian octave rhyme, through others, to the peculiar rhyme of four and five lines variously combined, which is the especial beauty of the Spanish drama. He has always, also, in every instance where they occur, copied closely the *assonants* of the original, or vowel rhyme (disregarding consonants) unchanged perhaps for several hundred lines. We shall call the reader's attention to such passages when they occur in our citations, as we observe the translator does himself, for alas! they might otherwise easily pass unnoticed; English vowels being so variable in sound that they cannot strike the ear with their uniform effect in the old Spanish ballads, whence they were adopted into the national theatre. Still Mr. MacCarthy has done perfectly right not to omit so peculiar a characteristic of Calderon's plays as this, however little suited to the genius of the English language; and his success is, considering the circumstances, surprising, especially where the assonant vowels are *i* and *e*.

Besides scrupulous adherence to the outward form, the translation before us exhibits the yet greater merit of fidelity to the spirit of its original. Trivial where Calderon is trivial, prosy where he is prosy, extravagant where he is extravagant, but likewise poetic, passionate, and awe-inspiring where his author is so, Mr. MacCarthy's version may be relied on to give the English reader a fair notion of Calderon, alike in his weakness and in his strength. As such, we shall found on it a short account of the play; begging the reader to transport himself in imagination in our company to the Madrid theatre in the

latter half of the seventeenth century, where the audience who have devoutly heard mass in the morning, who have perhaps as devoutly witnessed the burning of a heretic in the afternoon, wait with eager interest in the evening to hear of a foreign country won for Christ by a wonder-working saint, of the flames which they seek to flee, and of the glory which they hope themselves to win.

The curtain rises, to disclose to them the Irish king Egerius, with his two daughters, to whom he is relating a dream which greatly disquiets his mind ; for he has seen them in its course consumed by a flame which issued from the mouth of a young slave, which spared the father to burn the children. They try to divert his mind by pointing out the approach of a ship which bears Philip, the Princess Polonia's lover, to the shore, and which, little as they then suspect it, carries likewise the unknown youth of the king's dream, Patrick, Philip's captive, to the scene of his future triumphs. Then occurs the storm at sea, with which Calderon's audience were so familiar, depicted to them, as here, by a terrified eye-witness, with a liberal expenditure of "ice pyramids, snow-turrets, foam-palaces, and red-coral sepulchres." At last two dripping men struggle to land, and present themselves before the king. They are Patrick the saint and Luis Enius the sinner. Each is called on to give an account of himself, and each obeys. Through hundreds of assonant lines, Patrick first, and, more briefly, Luis at greater length, and with the most unblushing cynicism, depict, the one, the pious life, honoured by Heaven with miracles, which he has led, till the moment when the corsair chief enslaved him, the other, the horrible crimes of every possible shade of blackness, which he, though in name a Christian, has gloried in committing, till, a fellow-captive, he was saved by Patrick from the waters. The king forgives Luis his Christianity, in consideration of his courageous wickedness. He scorns to put Patrick to death, though he has recognized in him the youth of his vision ; but dismisses him with contempt, to keep his sheep for him, while he retains Luis in an honourable position in his court. Patrick quits the man, whose life he has saved, with a little-heeded admonition ; but he is more successful in obtaining from him a promise that, whether alive or dead, they shall meet yet once more. He then gladly betakes himself to his lowly task ; and amazes the peasant under whose charge he has been placed, by the fervour of his addresses to his unseen Friend. We subjoin the good version before us of his very beautiful prayer, written by Calderon in the simpler form of the four-line rhyme, referred to above.

PATRICK.

Lord ! how gladly do I live
In this solitary spot,
Where my soul in raptured prayer
May adore Thee, or in trance

See the living countenance
Of Thy prodigies so rare !
Human wisdom, earthly lore,
Solitude reveals and reaches ;
What diviner wisdom teaches
In it, too, I would explore.

PAUL.

Tell me, talking thus apart,
Who it is on whom you call ?

PATRICK.

Great primæval cause of all,
Thou, O Lord, in all things art !
These blue heavens, these crystal skies
Formed of dazzling depths of light,
In which sun, moon, stars unite,
Are they not but draperies
Hung before Thy heavenly land ?—
The discordant elements,
Water, fire, earth, air immense,
Prove they not Thy master-hand ?
Or in dark or brightsome hours,
Praise they not Thy power and might ?
O'er the earth dost Thou not write
In the characters of flowers
Thy great goodness ? And the air,
In reverberating thunder,
Does it not in fear and wonder
Say, O Lord, that Thou art there ?
Are not, too, Thy praises sung
By the fire and water—each
Dowered for this divinest speech,
With tongue the wave, the flame with tongue ?
Here, then, in this lonely place
I, O Lord, may better be,
Since in all things I find Thee.
Thou hast given to me the grace
Of Obedience, Faith, and Fear ;
As a slave, then, let me stay,
Or remove me where I may
Serve Thee truly, if not here.

This prayer is answered. An angel comes to summon Patrick to the great task of converting the Irish nation ; and bears him away to receive a lawful commission for the office. Three years have elapsed when the Second Act begins. Patrick has returned from Rome (where the mediæval legend of course took care to send him), and preached with great success in many parts of Ireland before bending his steps to the scene of his former captivity. He is on his way there now ; and King Egerius awaits his coming in stern and sullen mood. But before they can meet a frightful catastrophe occurs. The wicked Luis has gained the love of one of the king's daughters, who

frees him from the prison where he lay sentenced to death for a fresh offence. She intends to accompany him in his flight ; but he has no mind to be so encumbered. By her death he can at once possess himself of her jewels, and take vengeance on her father, who condemned him, and on her former lover, Philip, a quarrel with whom was the cause of his disgrace. He therefore kills the hapless Polonia in the first wood they reach after safely effecting their escape ; and departs from Ireland to begin a fresh career of crime abroad. Her old lover, Philip, finds the blood-stained corpse, which he thus points out to the father and the sister : *

Seeking traces of Polonia
Through these savage woods distracted
Roamed I restless all the night-time,
Till at length amid the darkness
Half awakened rose the dawn :
Not in veils of gold and amber
Was she dressed ; a robe of mourning
Formed of clouds composed her mantle.
.
.
.
Searching there in every part,
We approached where blood was spattered
On the tender dewy flowers,
And upon the ground some fragments
Of a woman's dress were strewn.
By these signs at once attracted
We went on, till at the foot
Of a great rock overhanging,
In a fragrant tomb of roses
Lay Polonia, dead and stabbed there.
Turn your eyes, and here you see
The young tree of beauty blasted,
Pale and sad the opening flower,
The bright flame abruptly darkened ;
See here loveliness laid prostrate,
See warm life here turned to marble, —
See, alas ! Polonia dead.

The father and sister begin their lamentations, which are interrupted by a voice which calls on Ireland to repent, and in a few moments Patrick stands before them. To conquer the king's incredulity, he prays for a sign from heaven, and at his word the dead maiden rises to her feet, and departs to seek baptism and devote herself henceforth to the service of the true God. But her father remains unconvinced, and in answer to Patrick's declarations concerning Heaven, Hell, and Purgatory, he bids him show him one of them at least, or die in an hour's time.

Patrick once more prays earnestly, and an angel comes down from heaven with this answer : —

* Assonants in *a* and *e*.

Patrick, God has heard thy prayer,
 He has listen'd to thy vows,
 And, as thou hast asked, allows
 Earth's great secrets to lie bare.
 Seek along this island ground
 For a vast and darksome cave,
 Which restrains the lake's dark wave,
 And supports the mountains round ;
 He who dares to go therein,
 Having first contritely told
 All his faults, shall there behold*
 Where the soul is purged from sin.
 He shall see, with mortal eyes,
 Hell itself, where those who die
 In their sins for ever lie
 In the fire that never dies.
 He shall see, in blest fruition,
 Where the happy spirits dwell.
 But of this be sure as well—
 He who without due contrition
 Enters there to idly try
 What the cave may be, doth go
 To his death.

The angel disappears, after promising Patrick an entrance into glory that very day ; and renown on earth, perpetuated by the marvellous cave which is to be known to after-ages by the name of S. Patrick's Purgatory. The saint summons the king and his court, and leads the way to its mouth. Not far from it they meet the penitent Polonia, who adds to the fear which thrills the heart of most on approaching a spot hitherto shunned by universal consent, as she declares how, seeking a lonely hermitage, she had entered the cave, and instantly rushed forth again, affrighted at the shrieks and curses and horrible cries which resounded in its depths. Her description, worked out by Calderon in his more elaborate octaves has, in the third stanza, been thought deserving by Shelley of imitation. It is thus that it commences :—

Here from myself with hurried footsteps flying,
 I dared to tread this wilderness profound,
 Beneath the mountain whose proud top defying
 The pure bright sunbeam is with huge rocks† crowned,
 Hoping that here, as in its dark grave lying,
 Never my sin could on the earth be found,
 And I myself might find a port of peace
 Where all the tempests of the world might cease.
 No polar star had hostile fate decreed me,
 As on my perilous path I dared to stray ;

* This is not an exact version of "*Tendrá el purgatorio en ella*," which implies not merely *beholding*, but *having*, and is a promise of passing through a purgatory in this life.

† "Oaks" would be a preferable version.

So great its pride, no hand presumed to lead me,
 And guide my silent footstep on its way.
 Not yet the aspect of the place has freed me
 From the dread terror, anguish, and dismay,
 Which were awakened by this mountain's gloom,
 And all the hidden wonders of its womb.
 See ye not here this rock some power secureth,
That grasps with awful toil the hill-side brown,
And with the very anguish it endureth
Age after age seems slowly coming down.
 Suspended there with effort, it obscureth
 A mighty cave beneath, which it doth crown !—
 An open mouth the horrid cavern shapes,
Wherewith the melancholy mountain gapes.

And so on through four more stanzas : the eighth is spoken by Patrick himself, declaring that the mysterious cavern contains life for the believing penitent, who shall there be cleansed even in this world from the stain of sin ; but death to the impenitent. The king defies the warning, and rushes rashly into its recesses, whence he emerges no more to sight ; whilst rising flames and awful voices from below warn the survivors not to imitate his impious daring.

During the interval between the Second and the Third and final Act, the conversion of all Ireland is supposed to have taken place. The Princess Lesbia, now a Christian according to the vision, reigns in her father's place ; her elder sister Polonia leading a recluse life in the desert, while her former lover, Philip, is about to become the husband of the new queen. It is at this point that Philip's rival, Luis Enius, re-appears on the scene. He has led an unquiet life abroad ever since Polonia's murder, and returns to Ireland in disguise to endeavour to complete his long list of crimes by the assassination of Philip, vowing revenge against whom he had left the country. As he lurks about in disguise to effect his purpose, he is startled by observing himself watched in turn by a muffled figure, of whom he can only rid himself by a challenge. But his sword cuts the air, and when, throwing himself on the stranger, he penetrates his disguise, it is to find beneath it the awful image of his own future self.

LUIS* (*speaking to the muffled form*).

We are here alone, and may
 Hand to hand resume the combat.
 And since powerless is my sword
 Thee to wound, I throw me on thee
 To know who thou art. Declare,
 Art thou demon, man, or monster ?
 What ! no answer ? Then I thus
 Dare myself to solve the problem,

[*He tears the cloak from the figure, and finds beneath it a skeleton.*]
 And find out. . . . Oh, save me, Heaven !

* Assonants in o and e.

God, what's this I see ? What horrid
Spectacle ! What frightful vision !
What death-threatening fearful portent !
Stiff and stony corse, who art thou,
That of dust and ashes form'd
Now dost live ?

THE FIGURE.

Not know thyself ?

This is thy most faithful portrait :
I, alas !—am—Luis Enius.

[*Disappears.*]

The soldier falls senseless. When he recovers from the first effects of the terrible vision, he hastens to profess his penitence, and lays aside his guilty purpose. He vows to perform a penance proportioned to the grievousness of his offences ; a voice from* heaven suggests to him S. Patrick's Purgatory, and he resolves to betake himself thither, and keep his long-forgotten promise to the departed saint. On his road he encounters his former victim, Polonia. Believing her dead, he imagines that it is an illusion of his spiritual enemy that he beholds, intended, by reminding him of the worst crime he has committed, to drive him to despair. She, discerning in the way-worn wanderer who asks of her the path to the awful penitential cavern, the features of her own murderer, feels tempted to revenge her injuries ; but conquers her own heart, and speeds him o'er the dark waters with her pardon. The whole scene is striking and beautiful. Between the abyss of guilt, which the sinner has just left, and the gloomy purgatorial depths into which he is about to plunge, the clear light of day falls gently on the green promontory where stands the hermit princess, rejoicing in the better part which she has chosen. Before the entrance of Luis it is thus that her devout thanksgiving ascends to heaven—

POLONIA.

To Thee, O Lord, my spirit climbs,
To Thee from every lonely hill
I burn to sacrifice my will
A thousand and a thousand times.
And such my boundless love to Thee,
I wish each will of mine a living soul could be.

Would that my love I could have shown,
By leaving for Thy sake, instead
Of that poor crown that press'd my head,
Some proud, imperial crown and throne—
Some empire which the sun surveys
Through all its daily course and gilds with constant rays.

* "Bless me, Heaven !" the exclamation of Luis as the sound strikes his ear, is a vulgar rendering for "Help me, Heaven !" and should be corrected here and elsewhere.

This lowly grot, 'neath rocks uphurled,
 In which I dwell, though poor and small,
 A spur of that stupendous wall,
 The eighth great wonder of the world,
 Doth in its little space excel
 The grandest palace where a king doth dwell.

Far better on some natural lawn
 To see the morn its gems bestrew,
 Or watch it weeping pearls of dew
 Within the white arms of the dawn ;
 Or view, before the sun, the stars
 Drive o'er the brightening plain their swiftly fading cars ;

Far better in the mighty main,
 As night comes on and clouds grow grey,
 To see the golden coach of day
 Drive down amid the waves of Spain ;
 (But be it dark, or be it bright,
 O Lord ! I praise Thy name by day and night ;)

Than to endure the inner strife,
 The specious glare, but real weight
 Of pomp, and power, and pride, and state,
 And all the vanities of life ;
 How would we shudder could we deem
 That life itself, in truth, is but a fleeting dream !

When the pilgrim has crossed the lake alone in the boat provided for the purpose, he is received on the opposite shore by the canons who watch the mysterious cave. They advise delay ; but he insists on at once entering it, exclaiming,—*

It was God that touched my soul,
 And inspired me to come here ;
 Not a vain desire to know,
 Not ambition to find out
 Secrets God, perchance, withholds.
 Do not baffle this intention,
 For the call is Heaven's alone.

I will ever have my hope
 Firmly fixed upon the Lord,
 At whose holy name even hell
 Is subdued.

FIRST CANON.

The fervid glow
 Of your words compels me now
 To unlock the awful doors.

He does so ; and, with protestations of his faith and his repentance, the intrepid Luis departs into the gloomy cavern, followed by the prayers and benedictions of the admiring monks. The principal

* Single assonant, o.

surviving personages of the drama are grouped around its portals on the morning of his expected return. The Prior and his attendants throw them wide open, and a pallid and scared face emerges from the darkness. At the Prior's command Luis Enius, for he it is, recites the marvels through which he has passed, in the audience of the astonished assembly. He tells how, shortly after his entrance, he found himself in a hall of jasper, in the presence of twelve men dressed all alike in snow-white unspotted, the foremost of whom gave him this weighty admonition :—

“Remember *

That in God you place your faith ;
And that you be not dejected
In your battle with the demons ;
For if moved by what they threaten,
Or may promise, you turn back,
You will have to dwell for ever
In the lowest depths of hell.”

Directly after this seasonable counsel the soldier's trial began. Dark forms from the abyss closed round him, evil whispers assailed him, bidding him despair of God's mercy, and go back to enjoy what remained to him of life rather than seek hell before his time. When he withstood the sinful suggestion, demon hands seized and bound him, plunged him into flames, carried him to regions of perpetual ice, set him amidst fiery vipers and torrents of burning pitch, cast him into a volcano, up and down which flames unceasingly bore souls like sparks, and finally set him to cross a fiery river on a bridge of a single line's width, falling off which wretched creatures were perpetually being torn by the hydras and monsters below. Delivered from each former peril by invoking the name of Jesus, he called on God once more, and passed the fearful bridge in safety.

Yes, I passed, and in a wood,
So delightful and so fertile,
Found me, that in it I could,
After what had passed, refresh me.
On my way as I advanced,
Cedars, palms, their boughs extended,
Trees of paradise indeed,
As I may with strictness term them ;
All the ground being covered over
With the rose and pink together
Formed a carpet, in whose hues
White and green and red were blended.
There the amorous song-birds sang
Tenderly their sweet distresses,
Keeping, with the thousand fountains
Of the streams, due time and measure.
Then upon my vision broke
A great city, proud and splendid,
Which had even the sun itself

* Assonants *e* and *e*.

For its towers' and turrets' endings ;
 All the gates were of pure gold,
 Into which had been inserted
 Exquisitely, diamonds, rubies,
 Topaz, chrysolite, and emerald.
 Ere I reached the gates they opened,
 And the saints in long procession
 Solemnly advanced to meet me,—
 Men and women, youths and elders,
 Boys and girls and children came,
 All so joyful and contented.
 Then the seraphim and angels,
 In a thousand choirs advancing,
 To their golden instruments
 Sang the symphonies of heaven ;
 After them at last approached
 The most glorious and resplendent
 Patrick, the great patriarch,
 Who his gratulations telling,
 That I had fulfilled my word
 Ere I died, as he expected,
 He embraced me ; all displaying
 Joy and gladness in my welfare.
 Thus encouraged he dismissed me,
 Telling me, no mortal ever,
 While in life, that glorious city
 Of the saints could hope to enter ;
 That once more unto the world
 I should go, my days to end there.

And since I from so much danger
 Have escaped, oh ! deign to let me,
 Pious fathers, here remain
 Till my life is happily ended.

The "Purgatory of S. Patrick" is rather a proof of Calderon's skill and boldness in the use of ready-prepared material than of his inventive genius. Montalvan had translated into Spanish Messingham's account of the mediæval legend, derived from Joscelin's life of the saint ; and also the marvellous tale of his cave, chronicled among others by Matthew Paris. The story of the adventures there of Owain, a penitent soldier of King Stephen (Oënus in the Latin chronicle, whence the Enio of Montalvan and of Calderon), is one of the large class of precursors to the Divine Comedy of Dante, which show alike the luxuriance and the sombre character of the imagination of the middle ages. But by boldly transporting the "*Miles quidam Oënus nomine, qui multis annis sub rege Stephano militaverat,*" of Matthew Paris back to the earlier days of S. Patrick, and by making him not only a contemporary but a chance-companion of the saint, Calderon gained at once a foil whose transcendent wickedness might make his comrade's holiness look brighter still, and at the same time as great an approach to unity of interest and design as was possible from the nature of his

subject. For unity of time and place, he ever cherished Shakespeare's disregard. And, at first, we might think that unity of design fared no better than the other two unities in "The Purgatory of S. Patrick." For, as the preceding sketch has shown, the saintly hero of the play, and his tyrant opponent, alike disappear from its list of personages at the end of the second of its three Acts; leaving only, out of the characters who have engaged much of our attention, the villain of the piece and his victim, the resuscitated princess, to fill the last third of the drama. And yet, in spite of this, the central thought of the play, good overcoming evil, incorporated in Patrick's person, manifests itself from its commencement to its close, and links both firmly together. The larger but less distinctly traced picture of the conversion of a lawless island, is repeated for us as it were in smaller and clearer outline in the conversion of one lawless man to Christ: both due to the same saint, in the former case through visible activity, in the latter by invisible influence. Each is subdued by the thought of the great Hereafter, brought tangibly and sensibly before each; the striking scene which results in the repentance of Luis Enius being Calderon's own invention. So, too, is the happy device of making the restored Polonia guide her former lover and betrayer to the haven where alone he can find peace after all his crimes: she floats before us in the last Act as a being of another and a purer world than this—a risen saint who has left behind her all memories of wrong and every fear of evil. And as the hermit princess of the third Act keeps fresh in our minds both the sinner who slew and the saint who brought her to life again in the preceding, so is the concluding portion joined to the earlier of the play by the memory which pervades it of the old pledge given by Luis Enius to Patrick to meet him yet once more. Both the larger and the smaller interest which unite in this drama are satisfied when that pledge is fulfilled, and when the penitent reappears to narrate this meeting with the saint amid the glories of paradise. And that narration itself, undramatic and inartistic in its length, has yet an air of simplicity and truthfulness which compensates for all defects. Not as when the great philosopher of Athens told his tale of the life to come on another's credit, or as the courtly poet sang of it to Augustus and his friends as a reminiscence of Homer; here a plain man's rude, untutored lips declare things veritably seen and heard by himself; and in the strong realism of the old legend versified by Calderon, we for a moment, like his Spanish audience, lose all sense of time and place. Man's earthly joys and sorrows, his arts and arms, his loves and hatreds, shrink into small dimensions in our eyes; and we seem to stand on a rocky islet amid the dark lake's waters, with the distant roar of the Atlantic in our ears, waiting to see the mists part and disclose to us the form of the eye-witness to the things which are eternal.

The poet who attains objects such as these is great, whether he works by received rules, or dares, in the language of the most artificial of poets, to

"Snatch a grace beyond the reach of art."

Speaking more exactly, the art to which we owe "The Purgatory of S. Patrick" is art of the highest order; for it is that which causes its own presence to be unobserved. Amid its seeming carelessness rules an exact plan: nothing is left to chance; everything is provided for, and the most minute circumstance of the play contributes to its grand and solemn result. As in the other dramas of Calderon for the most part, the characters do not print themselves very deeply on our memory; we do not cherish Polonia as we do Imogen; the personality of Luis Enius does not impress us like that of even Shakespeare's more ordinary soldiers of fortune; Patrick has little individual about him, and might stand equally well for almost any other saint of the calendar. But the whole effect of their history is very different from that produced by any one character taken singly: the great issues involved in it lend a dignity to conventional and ordinary forms which shine in its poetic atmosphere with a lustre not their own, and present us with the blended graces of narrative and dramatic verse.

To-day we must not wander further in the vast and stately pile which Calderon began in youth (side by side with his yet larger secular erection) to devote to religious purposes, and which he spent his age in completing; which, too, he doubtless thought of with humble gratitude on that dying bed whereon, as his epitaph tells us, he despised his other and highly applauded performances. We have not indeed entered the four side-chapels of its choir, each of which is inscribed with the name of a holy martyr. Still less have we penetrated that majestic choir itself, where the noble arches and "fretted vault" ceaselessly reverberate the mystic music of the Auto. But we have admired the Old Testament decorations of the porch; we have paused before the rood-loft, and marked its skilfully contrived approach, we have surveyed for a few moments the ladye-chapel. Yet to-day we have lingered longest in the cloisters where we have examined frescoes like those of Orcagna and Fra Angelico in the Campo Santo of Pisa; in better preservation happily than theirs, but, like theirs, devoted to the representation of the four last things—Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven. We turn away with a sigh, though while we looked at the quaint pictures we could not always refrain from smiling. A true faith inspired them, if on some points unenlightened. Where shall we find as firm a conviction now of the reality of things unseen? And so we go forth to mingle once again with the common throng of men; the last faint notes of the chant die away upon our ear, and the rolling wave of sound from the organ is lost to us in the bustle of the busy market-place.

E. J. HASSELL.

"CHIROMANCY."

IN attempting to place before the public in a succinct and intelligible form the principles of a forgotten science, and, if possible, to revive an interest in it, or, at the least, to induce a critical investigation of its pretensions, I hope I shall not be deemed pedantic if, for the sake of clearness, I venture to divide this article, short as it is, into a series of paragraphs, each with an appropriate heading. And these must, of necessity, commence with a few words on

THE UNSCIENTIFIC ATTITUDE OF SCIENTIFIC MINDS.

There can be no doubt that for a long period in the history of the world science was most unjustly and unmercifully snubbed. At the present day the tables are turned, and she seems to be exacting a not unnatural revenge. For many years past she has set up a bed of Procrustes on the highway of human thought, and has insisted that every idea, new or old, shall be stretched or curtailed upon it. In other words, everything, not merely in the sphere of physical phenomena, but in the sphere of religion or morals also, must submit itself to her tests, and be pronounced wise or foolish, as it agrees or not with her principles. Unfortunately, however, this attitude of scientific men is essentially unscientific. It is as unscientific to gauge the credibility of moral phenomena by physical tests as it would be to attempt to demonstrate physical phenomena by arguments drawn from the region of moral speculation.

An excellent example of this scientific confusion of ideas is afforded by the attitude assumed by the scientific world, so called, towards the phenomena of spiritualism. *Ex hypothesi* these phenomena are producible only under certain circumstances of darkness and sympathy. But, because they are not producible in broad daylight and in the midst of an unbelieving crowd, they are, forsooth, mere impudent impostures. Suppose we were to apply the converse of this to the man of science, and require him to perform some delicate physical experiment in the blackest darkness. He would probably fail, and would, if treated as illogically as he treats others, be expelled society as an impudent charlatan.

Or to take another example, let us imagine that, at some former time when the phenomena of electricity were but little known, some one discovers the startling fact that sparks are emitted from the back of the domestic cat, when smartly rubbed on a frosty night. He flies with the momentous intelligence to the *savan* of the period. The latter, not having made the discovery himself, receives it with

marked coldness. "Exhibit the phenomenon to me on the spot," he says, "and I will believe it." "But, my dear Dr. Wetblanket, it is only visible at night, and this is broad daylight." "Sir, a thing which is only visible at night is beneath scientific investigation." Does this sound wise or foolish? Whichever it be, it is the attitude assumed now-a-days by men of science towards spiritualists and other night-poachers in the preserves of knowledge.

Anything more inconsistent with the fundamental principles which science lays down in respect of all investigation cannot easily be conceived. It is the chief boast of science that she is experimental and inductive—that she does not endeavour to distort facts to harmonize with a theory, but patiently evolves a theory from honest observation of facts. She, then, least of all, has the right to reject facts or alleged facts at the outset—to condemn *a priori*—to insist that all experiments shall be conducted in her own way, and not in the way which her opponents deem most favourable to success.

One of the latest instances of this unscientific attitude of science may be found in the January number of the *British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review*. Most people have heard of the so-called "ecstatic," Louise Latour, of whom it is alleged that, during or after certain cataleptic attacks, she exhibits *stigmata* similar to those on the hands and feet and side of the crucified Saviour. Now this, of course, is an appearance not necessarily miraculous, but still so abnormal that no man can be required to believe in its truth, except upon sufficient evidence. Such would be the mental attitude of a prudent and reasonable man. But such an attitude of mental receptivity and patient investigation finds least favour exactly in those quarters where it would be most becoming. The fact is, that science, whilst varying its formulæ, has never changed its narrow-mindedness. Though professedly one of its chief occupations has ever been to make discoveries, it has invariably snubbed discoveries when first made. And so in the case before us. In the present state of medical knowledge, no sufficient natural explanation can be offered of the above-mentioned *stigmata*. The logical lesson to be learnt from this is—study them more closely, and endeavour to get at their explanation. The scientific conclusion actually drawn is—We can't explain them, *ergo* they are all humbug! I venture to say that this conclusion will satisfy those alone who have never studied the history of science, and who are therefore not aware that every addition to our knowledge has been made in the teeth of scientific opposition.

EVILS OF THIS MENTAL ATTITUDE.

I have thus dwelt upon the unscientific attitude of scientific minds, because I cannot doubt that the world has in consequence lost an invaluable amount of treasure, new and old. To my mind

it is time that the scientific should give place to the logical attitude. All men should take as their first principle of investigation the logical axiom that nothing is impossible but what is contradictory. It is, for instance, impossible that a swan can be both entirely black and entirely white at the same time; but it is not impossible that a red swan should exist, although one has never yet been seen. And, therefore, whilst granting that Chiromancy is not without certain theoretic difficulties, I must emphatically protest against its condemnation *a priori*.

THEORETIC DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF CHIROMANCY.

To understand the principal theoretic difficulties which lie in the path of Chiromancy, it will be necessary to define that science. It is, then, the science of deciphering events, past, present, and to come, from the lines of the human hand. But exclaims an objector, "How can these lines be the signs of fate, seeing that they are most patently the result of the various motions of the hand itself?" Very scientific and very narrow! The logical mind sees far wider and deeper. It knows that nothing on the earth exists in and for itself; that all creation is knit together in the bonds of vital union. True, the *proximate* cause of these lines is the various motions of the hand; but what gave your hand these particular varieties of motion? Is it not as easy, and much more natural, for fate to guide the motions of your hand so that its lines shall, rightly interpreted, exactly represent your career, as it would be to stamp these lines in an arbitrary position on your chest, as men impress the image of a cow on butter? And yet, were the latter done, men of science would have an objection the less to urge.

Again it may be said—"It is pretended that there exists between these lines and the planets a mysterious connection and interdependence. But if their interpretation depends on a knowledge of the planets, it is manifest that men in former days have been incorrect; for certain planets—for example, the Asteroids—were then altogether unknown." And no doubt there is some force in this objection. But, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the influence of the planets is in proportion to their size and their proximity to the earth, so that any errors which might result from ignorance of those more recently discovered, which are comparatively very small, would be but trivial. And the impartial mind will recognise in the acknowledged fact, that such errors have in former times been committed even by the most experienced chiromantists, a remarkable undesigned testimony to the truth of the science itself.

A PRIORI ARGUMENTS IN FAVOUR OF CHIROMANCY.

And now a few words as to certain *a priori* reasons for a belief in

this science. And first, does it not seem much more natural and likely that a man should bear on himself the marks of his career than not? Does he not by common consent thus bear the marks of age and sorrow? Nay, more, cannot a wise doctor predict with tolerable certainty, from the appearance of a child, whether he will be long or short lived? Do not men in this way bear the marks of at least a portion of their fate? And if this be so—if so much may be discovered without any special study of the subject,—may we not reasonably expect that many more such indications will yield themselves to the patient seeker after truth?

Once more: let us regard the lines themselves. As we do so, does not the doctrine of final causes irresistibly suggest itself? Whereto this tangled mesh of intersecting lines? What is the οὐ ζεύρα? Nature, as the great Stagyrte teaches, does nothing in vain. It is idle, in this connection, to aver that these lines are caused by the motions of the hand. We are not asking what causes them; we are asking whereto they serve.

I ought perhaps here to mention that, in the opinion of many able commentators, a reference to this science may be found in the Scriptures. At least one text in the Bible seems to refer to it. I mean that remarkable verse in the 37th chapter of Job: "He sealeth up the hand of every man; that all men may know his work." How literal a translation of the Hebrew this may be, I do not know; but that given by the Vulgate is still more remarkable—"In manum omnium hominum Deus signa posuit,* ut noverint singuli opera sua?" How explain this except by a reference to Chiromancy?

GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF THE SCIENCE.

Within the limits of a single article it is, of course, impossible to do more than give the most general outlines of the science. And first, it is a rule in Chiromancy to choose for investigation the hand on which the lines are most clearly marked. Some authorities, it is true, are inclined to think that all that concerns the inmost nature of the man, such as the duration of his life, the state of his health, and the nature of his character, may be most clearly deciphered on the right hand, whilst those things which are external to him, such as riches, honours, adventures, and so forth, find their clearest expression on the left. But this rule of interpretation, if it exists at all, must be taken with so many limitations that, like some rules of that more arbitrary science, grammar, it will be found, in practice, more convenient to ignore it altogether. On the other hand, it is an axiom in Chiromancy, which must never be neglected by those who would attain to proficiency in the science, that the fainter lines commemorate the past, whilst the clearer presage the future.

* In some editions of the Vulgate, *signa posuit* is reduced to *signat*.

OF THE PRINCIPAL LINES OF THE HAND.

The position of the principal lines on the hand will be best understood from the annexed diagram. These are, in number, five (or, according to some authorities, who add that of the wrist, six), namely, the Vital, the Natural, the Mensal, the Saturnian, and the Hepatarian. If these are broad, well-formed, and clearly marked, it is a sign, according to Aristotle, of magnanimity and longevity; to which he adds that a fleshy hand is equally significant of long life, but unattended with virtue and prudence. Aristotle's acquaintance with the science would seem, however, to have been too superficial to entitle his opinion to much weight.

In addition to these principal lines, the hand presents an infinity of smaller ones, all of which have a specific signification. Of those smaller lines, perhaps, the most important is the so-called *Cingulus Veneris*, which, when strongly marked, is considered to connote an undue tendency to philandering.

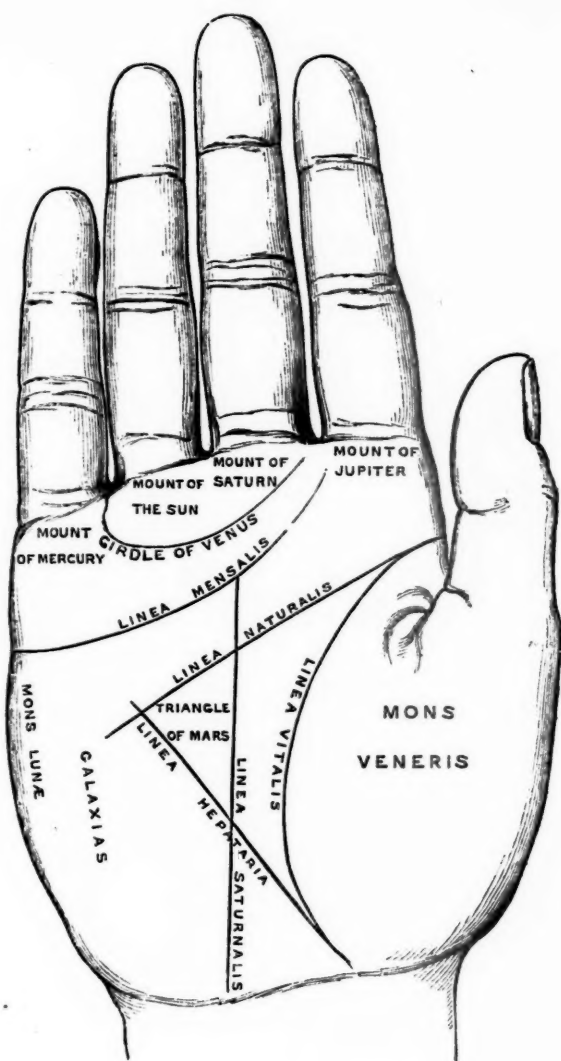
And now to examine the principal lines a little more in detail.

THE LINEA VITALIS.


The *Linea Vitalis*, or Line of Life, begins between the thumb and forefinger, and, describing a kind of semicircle round the base of the thumb, terminates either at the wrist or at some short distance from it. This line derives its name from the fact that the duration of an individual's life may, with probability, be calculated from it. It is divided by eight imaginary lines, equidistant from each other, into nine parts, each of which parts is taken to represent ten years of life. Having thus, in imagination, divided it, it is easy for the seer to calculate the probable duration of an individual's existence. The first clearly marked solution of continuity, beginning always from the upper part of the hand, denotes the epoch of dissolution, unless this be counterbalanced by the strength and number of the little so-called "sister" lines, which are sometimes found at its side. Thus, if this line be divided within the first half of its course, it is a sign that the individual will not attain middle age; and if this division be found, for instance, in the first third, he will not reach the age of thirty; and so on. A famous doctor, in former days, asserted that he never failed to examine the palms of his patients after death, and always found that the division in their line of life tallied exactly with their age at their decease. It does not seem to have occurred to him that, if he had made this inspection before death, he might have saved himself the trouble of prescribing for them.

Another point to bear in mind in connection with the line of life is that all lines crossing it denote dangers more or less formidable, in proportion to the clearness with which the transverse lines are marked.

Wounds are indicated by lines springing from it and passing



through or into the Triangle of Mars. If it ramifies to the base, this is a sign that the individual will make as many journeys as there are ramifications. It is said to be a fact that, whereas in former times the Line of Life was but seldom thus figured, but pursued the even tenor of an unbifurcated progress, it is now almost invariably as ragged and unravelled as the end of a rope of hair. If this be true, it is really a remarkable evidence of the way in which nature adjusts her indications to the exigencies of human development.

It is impossible, within the limits of this article, to give a tithe of the indications of disease, and other calamities, which the Line of Life affords to the view of the seer. One figure, however, which is sometimes to be found on it is sufficiently simple and significant to deserve a passing mention. A circle, cut diagonally by two curved lines, thus,  portends the loss of an eye; and even the most incredulous will hardly dispute that, in this case at least, nature has made use of a hieroglyphic which symbolizes with admirable exactitude the calamity it portends.

THE LINEA MENSALIS.

The *Linea Mensalis*, or Mensal Line, is said to be so called "by reason of its connection with the brain, the seat of reason"—an explanation which would seem to show that the fathers of Chiromancy were better versed in their own science than in that of etymology. Some authorities, however, with greater probability, maintain that it is derived from the Latin word, *mensa*, a table, because the part marked by this line is that on which one rests the hand when leaning on a table. But it will be obvious to the impartial thinker that the derivation of the word is of comparatively trifling importance. As Aristotle admirably observes in his *Ethics*, there are many cases in which the wise man will be contented with the fact, nor seek too curiously to understand the reason. And that which really concerns us now is the use and significance of this Mensal Line.

And, first, its beauty consists in the number and variety of its ramifications. If it is finely developed, broad, and uninterrupted, it promises joy, contentment, and prosperous management of affairs; whilst, if it is double and disconnected, it is an indication of that meddlesome disposition which is always ready to undertake, but often falls short in execution.

Moreover this line is that which, above all others, concerns the scientific, literary, and artistic world, since it has long been laid down as a canon that no one can attain any excellence in either of these three pursuits whose Mensal Line is destitute of branches. Nay, more, that the exact number of sciences of which an individual is capable is clearly indicated by the number of its ramifications. This being so, it seems almost inconceivable that any man of science should have the ingratitude and inconsistency to write against a science, the

truth of which is actually attested by the lines on the very hand which is thus impiously employed in reviling its pretensions.

THE LINEA HEPATARIA.

The *Linea Hepataria*, or Liver-Line, is so called, because, in a mysterious way, it is *en rapport* with the liver, and, by consequence, receives the latest intelligence respecting the health and temperament of the individual. It is, however, on the whole, a vulgar line on which, beyond certain indications of health or disease, nothing special is to be read. One of these is simple and infallible enough. When the Liver-Line is very long and, traversing the Natural and the Mensal, terminates in the *Mons Saturni*, it is a sign of consumption.

THE LINEA SATURNALIS.

Still less important in its indications is the *Linea Saturnalis*. Its chief use and object would seem to be to supply the shortcomings of the Line of Life. But when it is very long, it is a sign of a life of hardship; so that, all things considered, it is desirable that it should terminate between the Natural and the Mensal.

THE LINEA NATURALIS.

Next, however, to the Line of Life, the Line of Nature is beyond all comparison the most important. It is a good sign if it is joined with the Vital between the thumb and forefinger, so to form an acute angle, for this is an infallible indication of intellectuality. When, however, this union does not exist, and in the space between the Vital and the Natural there is the figure of a cross, it is the sign of a most unamiable temperament, exhibiting itself in many cases by dissensions with relations and friends, and, generally, by an infusion of malice into the social concerns of life. Some authorities, it is true, dispute this, and, rejecting the cross as a crucial test, assert that the separation of the Vital and Natural at their sources is a sign of a life of profligacy—a statement which their opponents are not so much interested in gainsaying as in complementing by the remark that profligacy by no means excludes the indulgence of natural malignity.

However this be, there is no doubt that the cross plays a most important part in connection with the Natural. Its existence in any of its numerous forms in the line itself is an undisputed indication of the possession or acquirement of wealth. Little round dots, on the contrary, have an evil signification, threatening nothing less than delirium.

Again, when the Natural is joined at its commencement with the Mensal—a rare occurrence—it is a sign of mental extravagance or folly; but when it is joined for any distance, the consequences are still more dreadful, for in this case it is almost invariably an indica-

tion of impiety. When, however, the Natural is curved away from the Mensal, it is a sign of probity; whilst, *en revanche*, if it be distorted and prolonged into the *Mons Veneris*, it is an infallible mark of an undisciplined and brutal disposition.

It is in connection with the Natural that a few words respecting the Quadrangle of the Hand are most appropriate. This is that oblong space which lies, or should lie, between the Natural and the Mensal. The more truly oblong this is, the better for the individual; for it indicates that man of rectitude, whom the ancient philosopher described as "foursquare," and who, in the tenderer parlance of popular modern ethics, is, by an analogous metaphor, usually spoken of as "a regular brick."

It is possible, however, not only that the Natural and Mensal, but also the Natural and Vital should form a quadrangle. And strange to say, when this is the case, the indication is the reverse of propitious. Whether in all instances the result actually follows, which our science would lead us to expect, would be too much to assert in these days of morbid sentimentalism; but certain it is, that as it is held to portend an ignominious death, so is it beyond all doubt that many persons thus marked have expiated their offences on the scaffold; and, though the lame Nemesis has sometimes failed to run down her victim before he tumbled into the grave, no reasonable doubt can exist that all persons thus abnormally marked have at least deserved, if they have not always attained, aerial suspension. And it is impossible to regard these two quadrangles, so alike in configuration, and actually contiguous, and yet so diverse in their signification, without being struck by the evidence thus involuntary tendered to the truth of Chiromancy. For, if it were, as its enemies assert, a mere bundle of arbitrary rules, surely similar configurations would, if only in the interests of simplicity and mental economy, have been held to portend similar results; and yet here we find them, according to their position, portending results as dissimilar as can well be conceived.

Whole treatises might be written respecting this one line alone, but it will suffice for the present to mention one other of its main uses, and that is the information it imparts respecting the day and month of birth. If people are further interested in knowing whether the individual with whom they may be conversing was born by day or night, they have only to study generally the lines of both his hands; for if those on the right hand are most clearly traced, he takes after his father, and was born by day,—if those on the left, he takes after his mother, and was born by night. To ascertain the month and day, it is necessary to remember that, for chiromantic purposes, there are but seven planets which, between them, preside over the twelve months of the year, and that the hand is mapped out in such a way as to afford a certain amount of territory to each of

these heavenly potentates. These seven will all be found marked in the preceding diagram. They and the months over which they rule are as follows :—

The Moon . . .	over January.	Mercury . . .	{ May, August.
Jupiter . . .	{ February, November.	Saturn . . .	{ June, December.
Mars . . .	{ March, October.	The Sun . . .	July.
Venus . . .	{ April, September.		

Having got thus far, we divide these months into two half-years, the first of which comprises the months February, March, April, May, July, and December ; the second, the other six. Now it stands to reason (1) that every one, if born at all, must have been born in one of these half-years ; and (2) that if we discover in which of them it was, we reduce the trouble of finding out the month by precisely one-half. Now, happily, nothing in the world is so easy, with a little natural shrewdness and a good deal of experience, as to discover the half-year of an individual's birth ; for, if the Natural is well formed, completely marked, and not livid, then there remains no reasonable doubt that the individual in question was born in the first of the half-years as above divided ; but if, on comparing the Natural with the other lines, it appears badly formed, pale, and indistinctly traced, then the birth must be sought in one of the other six months. So far the operation is one of amazing simplicity and certitude. Neither is it at all more difficult to proceed to the next step and discover the exact month ; for since the Natural in every part of its course is under the domination of some one or other of the planets, and we already know what month or months each is held to govern, we have but to scan the Natural carefully, and noting the first solution of its continuity from the point where it starts between the finger and thumb, observe in the region of which planet it occurs, to know at once the month in which the individual in question was born. But having learned this, we have already learned something more ; for, by a beautiful provision of nature which saves the Chiromantist an incalculable amount of trouble, the month very often indicates also the day of the week on which the birth took place. Thus there is always a strong presumption that if a person be born in March or October he will be born on a Tuesday, in May or August on a Wednesday, in February or November on a Thursday, in April or September on a Friday, in June or December on a Saturday, in January on a Monday, in July on a Sunday. Of course it is not meant to imply from this that an individual cannot be born on any other day than the one specified as belonging to each particular month, which would be a palpable absurdity, but merely that there is a presumption in favour of this day as against any other ; and it certainly is a matter which, in the

opinion of those not unfitted to form a judgment, might profitably occupy the attention of the Registrar-General, whether the majority of births in each month do not occur on the days specified.

An instance of this method of discovering the month of an individual's birth may not be without a practical value. Thus: A has the Natural, compared with the other lines, faint and livid; he was born therefore in the second half year, *i. e.*, in one of the months January, June, August, September, October, or November. You examine the Natural more closely, and find, for example, that its first clearly marked division occurs near the commencement under the base of the index finger. This is under the domination of Jupiter. Now Jupiter presides over the months of February and November; but February is already excluded as belonging to the first half year, there remains therefore only November,—A. was therefore born in November; and there is further a presumption in favour of his having selected a Thursday in that month for the operation.

PRACTICAL REMARKS IN CONCLUSION.

With this practical exemplification of the value of Chiromancy, it may be as well to draw this paper to a close. Of all people the English are most inclined to judge of the truth of a science by putting it to the test of practical utility; and, judged by this test, Chiromancy must indeed stand high. The history of the world bristles with examples of the service it has rendered. We read in Josephus that Cæsar was so well versed in this science that, when one day a *soi-disant* son of Herod had audience of him, he at once detected the impostor, because his hand was destitute of any marks of royalty. Scoffers may indeed urge that it does not need either the acumen of a Cæsar or the special knowledge of a Chiromantist to distinguish between the hand of an adventurer and that of one born in the purple; but the true votary of science will not allow himself to be discouraged by the cheap scorn of the incredulous; and from the days of Josephus until within comparatively recent times, the science of Chiromancy has been held in the honour it deserves. That the state of affairs should now-a-days be so different induces no doubt regret, but can hardly excite astonishment. For that an age, which has removed all the old landmarks of traditional belief and time-honoured statcraft, should shrink with timidity from any attempt to unveil the future which it is thus preparing for individuals as well as nations is most strictly natural. Chiromancy went out of fashion with the appearance of the modern republican doctrines of liberty, equality, and fraternity, and may be expected to revive in influence as soon as the world shall have seen the error of its ways, and returned to the simplicity of feudal times and the healthy atmosphere of paternal government.

A. EUBULE-EVANS.

MR. CARINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE THREE-VOLUME NOVEL.

"Tria juncto in una."

THE most distinctive literary production of the present age is, devoid of question, the three-volume novel. Next thereto in point of popular interest comes the science or nescience made easy of certain professors, who announce a new discovery every Monday, which is forgotten by the following Friday. These professors are really not altogether useless; they occupy what are assumed to be minds with what is assumed to be science. If no better for young people, their amazing lectures and theories are assuredly no worse than a theatre which has killed the drama, or a church that prefers folly to faith. In old times of England, as all historians know, there was often war between the Church and the Theatre, each being now and then victor. Now neither seems to have any faith in ideas; there are superb decorations and music at a fashionable church, and shapely legs dancing to music at a fashionable theatre, and the choristers pass from one to the other. A great Dramatist and a great Ecclesiastic are the wants of the age.

Meanwhile the novel does its best to amuse, and sometimes tries to instruct; but the novel has its difficulties. It is an awkward form of literature. Sir Walter would rather have written his worst poem than his best novel: so much space must be given in a novel to incidents undramatic, to descriptions unpicturesque, that the great writer grows tired. The architect has to do bricklayer's work: he dares leave nothing to the imagination of his readers. The sharp crisp rapid action of the drama will not do,—poetry and power are wasted. A story must reach a certain length, and must be worth the circulating-library price merely as a method of killing time. Far be it from me dogmatically to assert that killing time is not the best thing that many people can do, but it is scarcely worthy of a great writer to supply them with a method of doing this thing. This, indeed, has become apparent to some of our foremost novelists; and they appear also to have discovered that they cannot supply tittle-tattle and chit-chat and nice little naughtinesses, as well as their female rivals. So the novel-reading world is just now in the position of a nobleman or gentleman who has decided to dismiss his butler

and groom of the chambers and footman and so forth, and content himself with maid-servants. There is place for them in the modern novel, from the cook to the foolish fat scullion.

Properly conceived and properly handled, I take it that the novel in its present form might be a very fine literary instrument. Unluckily an audience is needed. "An audience!" is the natural exclamation—"why, everybody reads novels." Yes, everybody who is nobody. But, to put a crucial test, would any publisher give a remunerative price for a novel so good that the Archbishop of York could not help reading it? Let any man count the few modern novels he would care to read twice, and they would probably be all failures. Novels are now written for readers who cannot read anything twice. Like children who take their physic in jam, they are unconscious that in every dull impossible story they devour they are reading the same thing over and over again. A perfect yet ideal mirror of life is to such readers unintelligible.

Yet am I sorry for the novel. It might do great things. It reflects in prose the old Greek trilogy of drama. The three volumes, in the hand of an artist, give such fine opportunity for beginning, middle, and end, which are the obvious necessity of all literary conceptions, from a lyric to an epic. It is so good a formula to work upon, that nothing but the public appetite for trash could have prevented the appearance of a great novelist ere this.

That subtle journal, the *Spectator*, some time ago suggested, that the English novel, like the Greek drama, might last about a hundred years and no more. The idea is based on a misapprehension. Drama in Athens was coincident with the glory of Athens . . . brilliant beyond measure, so that the lamp of the Greek mind burns in our households now, but, alas! brief . . . partly by reason of its brilliance. Novel in England is likely to last as long as the English—a race whose even continuous course through triumph, trouble, conquest, defeat, agony, apathy, is without any parallel. One faith is firm in the heart of every Englishman—that the English will go on. I am glad of it. Next to faith in the immortality of your own soul, is faith in the immortality of your own race. Bury me in a trance for as many centuries as you please, and when you resuscitate me there will be Pall Mall the immemorial, and a man on the steps of some club to say,—

"Hullo, old fellow! Where have you been so long?"

This brief digressive essay at the commencement of my third volume is intended for more purposes than one. It is intended to show most clearly that many writers (I deliberately and carefully except myself) would write much better novels, romances, stories, historiettes, *et hoc genus omne*, if only the public would deign to read them. Further, it is designed to punctuate my story to indicate that we have passed the middle of it, and are growing near the real

meaning of it . . . if it have a meaning. Lastly, chiefly, indeed, it is intended to teach young ladies a certain art.

"What?" say you.

The merry girls, with laughing eyes,
Who don't like dry books,
If they are wicked, still are wise
To pick up sly books.

A novel full of joy and fun,
Of thought and glory,
May show the youngsters there is one
Can tell a story.

Some children in this book, I hope,
Will soon be dipping :
This chapter's meant, without a rope,
To teach them skipping.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RACHETTE AND BRAKINSKA.

"Happy the man whose cook is no conspirator."

WHILE the honey-moon of the Prince and Princess Oistravieff was passing from gaiety to gloom, events moved somewhat slowly both at Sarum and at Langton Delamere. Frank Noel waited on the dear old Canon devotedly, ably aided by Laurence the butler, but hindered as much as possible by the Minx. There was a regular war carried on . . . a very civil war of course . . . between this charming young lady and Frank Noel and his trusty ally. She had the best of it ; she was in the citadel. Canon Lovelace found her necessary to his existence, and in the fondness of his old heart nicknamed her *Sunshine*. She played her game to perfection : no word ever did she utter against Frank, or against old Laurence, who had known Sarum Close at least as long as the Canon ; but she contrived to do for the old gentleman not only what might naturally be expected of her, but also much that might better have been done by his nephew and his butler. She seemed to efface them and render them unnecessary. Canon Lovelace, convalescing, felt perfectly happy under her management : she was without rival as nurse, as secretary, as companion ; he found her the best medicine in the world. Frank, seeing as little of his uncle as Miss Wilkinson could manage, very naturally got among his old Salisbury friends, and took life as a young man will who has nothing to do and likes doing it.

At the great hall of Delamere the condition of affairs was so far changed that Mr. Carington had carried his point, and induced the Earl to promise that at the right time he would do the right thing by Elinor . . . as well as by Lucy. To each of these girls he had

duties to perform, the nature of which were known to scarcely any one except himself and Carington . . . certainly quite unknown to the girls themselves. Elinor knew a little, but not all: Lucy knew simply nothing. Elinor had from mere childhood been to some extent under Mr. Carington's kind and wise guardianship, and had grown into a woman of noble type. Poor little Lucy's opportunity of growth had been far feebler: some "seminary for young ladies" had taught her all she knew, save what she knew by instinct. A good girl naturally, but with an instinctive levity about her as of whipt syllabub, she did not compare favourably in well-judging eyes with our Elinor, who looked every inch a lady, and who had a stately touch of the Princess even when her eyes ran over with mirth, and her rose-red lips with song. It is fair to Mr. Carington to say that, though he argued the great case of "*Elinor versus Lucy*," as leading counsel for the plaintiff, with strict logic and strong eloquence, he never for a moment forgot that the poor pretty little defendant was in no degree at fault. It is also fair to the Earl, in this case sole judge, to say that his growing delight in Elinor's loveliness of character did not make him less kind to Lucy. He had made up his mind which he liked best: he had made up his mind what was his duty to each. Mr. Carington had fought for the right, and won; yet the Earl had still a pathetic feeling that Lucy, poor child, was not quite fairly treated. Some wrongs are irreparable. Some children come into the world under conditions so unfair that it seems unfair to punish them for their conduct. Yet the stern and rigorous law of life *will* punish them. The sins of the fathers fall upon the children. What a pity we cannot turn time backwards, make the earth revolve the wrong way, make old people grow young and return to their birthplace, visit upon fathers and mothers, great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers, the sins of our existing generation, which for the most part are hereditary. Fancy an archbishop going back through head-mastership to college life, to boy-life, to the nursery. Some of us would enjoy such reflex movement. Some of us, I sadly fear, are unfit to be babies again.

When the great news of the Princess Paulovna Oistravieff's mysterious death reached Delamere, it amazed more persons than one. Not Mr. Carington, for he knew only too well the deadly anger of a certain person whom here we must not name. The melodramatic method of that death showed the rough hoof of the catiff-crowned conspirator.

"Vile hound!" thought Mr. Carington. "It is a pity we can't administer English justice to him. One of these days he will run away to England, and all the fools of his neighbourhood will hurrah. The House of Commons, for manifest reasons, will never bring in a bill for the abolition of fools."

Thus having gratified his splenetic vein, our good friend thought he would communicate his news. Seldom did the Earl look at

paper: if Miss Lucy saw anything she thought might amuse him, she had orders to read it out; and Carington, when he came to his apartment, was wont to pick out any fragment of wisdom or of wit, supposing anything of that sort visible. On this occasion Carington took his *Times*, went to the Earl's room, and told him what had happened. Lord Delamere, having heard Mr. Carington's brief statement of the story, read through the journalist's long account, headed, of course,

"THE MYSTERIOUS TRAGEDY

AT

THE RED HOUSE

AT

WANDSWORTH."

"Number One is rather savage," said the Earl.

"Number One is a fool," said Carington. "Once a fool, he will always remain so. Sheer imbecility has made him successful."

"That seldom lasts," remarked Delamere.

"Never," said Carington, emphatically. "One might almost fix the day when that blockhead will come to grief; but he has been crafty enough to make comfortable arrangements for himself beforehand. However, I must make arrangements for the absolute safety of the little Ravioli. If the fellow is getting wild, it shows he is near his end; but he shall not do that child any mischief."

"What a Quixote you are, old fellow," said the Earl, laughing. "It's pleasant to know a man who despises emperors and adores ladies. Number Two is safe here, but can you keep her here?"

"How do you know she is safe here? May not some rascally emissary of his Majesty the Rascal come across your moat and steal her as she sleeps?"

"Faith, Carington, hadn't you better marry her? I pity the man who should come into *your* nuptial chamber with evil designs."

"You flatter me, Delamere. We all grow old. The pretty little wicked rebel Ravioli is far too frivolous a thing to marry. I don't mean to admit her to my bed-chamber, but I want her to be safe in hers."

"What can harm her here?"

"Do you know a conspirator at sight? I am one, my man is one, and the best servant you have in your house is one."

"Who the devil do you mean?"

"Ah, who indeed? Why no less a personage than Rachette. He is Number Seventeen; but he got tired of the villany, and buried himself down here to be out of the way. Although he is your cook, and a devilish good one, he would be a Duke if he dared reappear in France."

"This is a hoax, Carington."

"Not a bit."

"Why should a Duke join conspirators, and turn cook to get out of their way?"

"Why should fools be fools, especially in France? Rachette, who I dare say will give you his noble name if you care to ask him . . . I wouldn't though, for he is better as cook than as Duke . . . has grown disgusted with the state of affairs. He fancied conspiracy might mend it. He soon found his mistake. Then to himself he said, 'Well, I dare not return to France. If I walk about London as the Duc de l'Ivresse (mine ancient title), they will stick a skewer into me. Better that I, who from earliest youth saw the *ars culinorum* in its most poetic light, should stick skewers into the noble pheasant and the royal round. I can cook; I will get a superb testimonial from Tessier, my own old cook in the Faubourg, who is now *chef* at the Marquis of Mirakles. Some lord will give me a thousand a year, and I shall cook myself daily a superb dinner. If they want to assassinate me, they will not look for me in a kitchen.' Thus soliloquized Rachette, my dear Delamere. Now do you see how easily you might have been assassinated?"

"Egad," quoth the Earl, "these be strange sayings. What's to be done? Rachette's a good cook . . ."

"A genius. You need not be afraid of Rachette. I have discovered that he hates and fears Number One with bitter hatred and with bitter fear. He will not poison either you or me; he will not poison the Ravioli. But you see how easily, mysteriously, villainously, conspiracy can find its way into even such a house as Delamere."

"I wish Number One could first be flogged and then hanged," said Delamere. "But what do you propose about the Marchesa, whom you think in danger even here?"

"Let her stay, if you are not tired of her."

"Tired!"

"Well, of such an original creature it would be hard to tire. It is her mad fancy for mad notions that has made her conspire—has placed her high among the Silent Sisterhood. I have in my time done two or three things which I think rather clever, but taking that woman suddenly out of London is assuredly my best achievement. She, a little fool, with no morsel of harm in her, but wanting some sort of excitement, became, through her rank and beauty, a conspirator of the first force. She was the link between Number One and the Silent Sisters. Number Three of that society may guess, but cannot know, who is Number One."

"Let the little conspirator stay," said the Earl. "If I am murdered here in my lonely hall, I'll haunt you, Carington . . . I will, by the eternal gods. No matter; let's see what happens. Go and tell the news to my culinary Duke and the rest of your comrades . . . and if you should meet Lucy, tell her I want her."

"Delamere," said Carington, taking his hand as he left the room, "how much you like that little girl: I delight to see it."

"But" . . . the Earl began.

"But me no 'buts,'" interrupted Mr. Carington. "You have decided to do what is right and what is kind. Your decision is beyond appeal, and is in my opinion absolutely right. We must all pay for the folly of youth; you are paying double or treble what most men pay, because you lived twice or thrice as fast as your friends. Console yourself with Dryden's superb transfiguration of Horace . . .

'Not Heaven itself upon the past hath power;

For what hath been hath been, and I have had my hour.'

If you have not had your hour, Delamere, I should like to know what man has."

"You, Frank," said the Earl. "You have lived more in an hour than most men in a week."

"Well," said Mr. Carington, "we won't discuss this question to its ultimate depths to-day. Three conspirators have I to talk to concerning the needs of the morning. My poor Raffaella will be frightened to death, and Demetrius will want to go and kill somebody; and as to Rachette, he will rush off to Paris at once."

"Then don't tell the Duke before we dine," said Delamere.

Mr. Carington paid his visits in the inverse order of the names he had mentioned. It was Rachette first, Demetrius second, Raffaella last. Rachette, brilliant in his special art as Savarin or Monselet, and thinking (I do not contradict him) that cookery is poetry, rather enjoyed his pleasant safety at Delamere. When Mr. Carington showed him this last bit of news, he laughed at it.

"Los aux dames,
Au Roi los!"

he exclaimed. "I am Rachette, the cook, Mr. Carington, and I am glad to serve a gentleman like the Earl of Delamere. When no longer fools and knaves rule my unhappy country, I may return thither; till then I prefer an English kitchen to a palace of France. As to Number Six, well, I am sorry. She was a foolish girl, so far as I have heard, though wonderfully clever. Doubtless she will be revenged."

"How so, Rachette?" said Mr. Carington.

"All such vile crimes are in due time avenged. You will see."

"I am glad you have that belief," said Carington. "I like to hold it . . . but there are so many prosperous scoundrels, Rachette. You like me to talk to you as if you were born to the kitchen, I know. But why are you here?"

"Because a certain scoundrel is elsewhere. I do not quarrel with my kitchen. Tell me, Mr. Carington, do I not send you up pretty good soups? How did you like those *rognons à l'Impératrice* . . . those *huitres à la Gloire de Paris*? Were they good? Can they produce anything like them in Berlin? To-day you shall have a most exquisite *ragout à la Princesse Russe*."

Wherewith the ducal cook walked off to his culinary duties.

"Well," thought Carington, "I've taken a nice business on hand. Never mind, I must go through with it."

He went to his own room, and rang for Demetrius. He told that stalwart Russian what had happened.

The man stood still, his great eyes open and fixed, his giant limbs trembling, his right hand clenching his left arm so strongly that it was bruised for weeks. For ten minutes he stood speechless. Then he said, with a voice that seemed a preternatural cry . . .

"Dead? My Paulovna!"

"Yes, Demetrius," said Mr. Carington. "It is only too true."

"Then by God in the highest heaven, that man will I slay," said Demetrius Brakinska. "He is already dead."

The Russian left the room and the house, not wildly, but with a stern and resolute step. Mr. Carington has never seen him since. Mr. Carington, who is a good judge, said to himself in an undertone,—

"If Demetrius Brakinska should kill Number One, it will be a gain to the world. I think he will. Now I must go and talk to Raffaella."

CHAPTER XXX.

RAFFAELLA RAVIOLI.

"A mighty genius may exist in Lilliput :

The fiercest power and passion of the universe

May dwell in atoms that defy the microscope.

God is both infinite and infinitesimal."

The Comedy of Dreams.

ELINOR and the Marchesa soon became great friends. Elinor, wholly ignorant of conspiracies, regarding politics, indeed, as just the same sort of absurdity as mathematics or chemistry, feeling in her own mind the conviction that a girl's best education consists in love and poetry, petted the little Marchesa with no idea in the world that she was bestowing her kindness on a mysterious tigress in lace and silk, whom half the potentates of Europe would gladly decapitate. What Elinor might have thought, if she could have seen the plots within plots mapped upon Raffaella's small restless brain, it is impossible to say ; probably she would have been entirely puzzled thereby. Elinor was deplorably ignorant of all useful knowledge, such as Miss Pinnock would have taught her, had she been the fortunate pupil of that severely seraphic instructress. She did not know who drew whom round the walls of what, and is suspected never to have learnt tare and tret. Had you asked her to find Bencoolen on a map, she would probably have dropt upon Ben Nevis. She never looked at a newspaper ; she was quite unaware who was Czar of Russia, or what form of government prevailed in France ; but she had a certain amount of knowledge in English literature of the highest class, quite uncommon

with girls of her age. This dreadful ignorance was all Mr. Carington's fault; he had been actually, though not legally, her guardian almost from her birth; he caused her to be educated in a fashion quite unusual.

Elinor, it has been said, petted Raffaella like a child, though that lady might have been her mother if she had married at the early age not unusual in Italy. The Marchesa was amused and pleased. She liked to be in the loving care of this tall bright-eyed rosy English girl. Elinor might have sat to the manliest of sculptors to be carved colossal for some temple of a goddess; Raffaella was only fit for reproduction as a statuette in ivory. But Elinor's spirit was calm and serene in its movement . . . like the silent flight of some large soft-winged bird passing from tree to tree in tranquil summer, while the Ravioli was by nature untameable as the wind, fretful as a wasp, restless as the darting dragon-fly. Yet, somehow, on this occasion Mr. Carington and Elinor seemed to have mesmerised her, even as he who hath the gift may mesmerize one of those swift-flashing dragon-flies till it lies in his palm as motionless as if it were dead.

Two things, it may be noted, tended to keep the Ravioli quiet—one safety, and the other mischief. So long had she been playing her perilous game, that she began to get a little frightened at her own temerity. Raffaella, at twenty-five, had become a conspiratress from sheer fun and daring and gaiety of heart; ten years had taught her many dangerous secrets, had shown her in a thousand ways that any day she might meet her death by a trivial mistake. Raffaella, a charming little widow, whose husband had never given her the least trouble, and had loyally left her more money than she knew how to spend, had year by year grown more aware of the value of life. The career she had commenced as a girl she would gladly have abandoned as a woman. Now she was taking holiday; she was out of the cycle of conspiracy. Who would search for this fair Florentine in Strathclyde, in the home of a great earl, and with such a guardian as Carington the omniscient? She was full of fun about it; running over, like a glass too quickly filled with champagne; longed to chatter of it to Elinor, only Mr. Carington had hitherto forbidden any such confidences, and she was more afraid of him than of anybody . . . even Number One.

On the mischievous view of the matter, how she wished she could chatter to Elinor! She laughed to herself, often and often, and Elinor wondered why. She would lie back on the great velvet sofa by the fire, a little Maltese terrier of a woman, and laugh, laugh, laugh, a peal of merry silver laughter, like some fairy clock that drops its dozen peals of chime suddenly on the ear at midnight or noon, till Elinor could stand it no longer, and would ask why she laughed, and she would reply—

"I must not tell, dear. Ask Mr. Carington."

And then she would go off again to the very same tune, as if she

were a charming clock in petticoats that forgot it had already struck, and therefore repeated its chimes. Elinor, though not inquisitive, could not help wondering what her friend, on most matters only too communicative, had hidden as a laughable mystery. The reference to Mr. Carington, as the only person to solve that mystery, of course piqued her the more.

But who can marvel that Raffaella laughed silently? Wasn't it fun? Here was she, a little woman at the very centre or core of European conspiracy, suddenly carried away and isolated. Such disappearances are not advertised in the *Times*, nor can the detective police be set to investigate them. At the Berkeley Square Hotel it was only known that the Marchesa had left; but a note, posted in London, had informed the manager that she would soon return. This, of course, was Mr. Carington's device; indeed, the Marchesa knew nothing either of that, or of where she was, or of what were the intentions about her. She did not rebel. The thoughts of safety and of mischief made her tolerably content. When she had those gay little laughs that puzzled Elinor, there were visions before her of Number Three calling, day after day, for instructions, and perfectly puzzled what to do . . . and better still, infinitely better, of Number One looking with stolid gloomy face every morning through a grand palace window upon garden terraces of beauty unsurpassable, and sulkily shudderingly wondering why there came no report from Number Two. Well she knew that he was a man who liked not to wait for what he wanted; a man who had passed through infinite perils, and was even now encircled by infinite terrors, though he had an army at his call, and a nation under his foot; a man without scruple, without remorse, without courage, without belief in God. Her sudden vanishing might well drive this man mad. He would drive through the streets of the city in which he dwelt with a fear lest a pistol at some corner might end his life. He would make great speeches in his inherited grand style, feeling all the time like that King Belshazzar whose fright proves that phosphorus must have been discovered at a very early date. Looking naturally at the comic side of life, and viewing it, indeed, as a pretty airy burlesque, that should be set to the gayest and lightest music, the Marchesa really could not restrain her occasional laughs at Number One. She sang and laughed, and twittered and chattered, like some pet bird, whose cage is pleasant, and whose mistress kind.

She puzzled Elinor, who petted her. That briefly is the state of affairs. They lived on very pleasant terms, though neither quite understood the other; Raffaella, in fact, could never have been brought to understand Elinor, though Elinor might, perchance, comprehend the Marchesa.

When Mr. Carington had got through his philosophic colloquy with Rachette, leaving on his palate a pleasant feeling that his dinner that night would be served, as lawyers say, "without prejudice," and

had sent the fiery giant Brakinska away, like an arrow of death, Heaven knows where, he caused himself to be announced to the Marchesa. Elinor had been making tea for her in wonderful cups of egg-shell china, with no handles, of course, and so ridiculously thin that you hardly realised the notion you held anything except the tea itself. The fragrance of the warm weed filled the air; the laughter of the two ladies was the merriest and sweetest of music; and to Mr. Carington it seemed that they made together as pretty a picture as ever any artist-lover of beauty painted.

"Oh, Mr. Carington!" cried Raffaella, springing from her sofa, "now what *do* you want?"

"A cup of that tea Elinor makes so deliciously, and as much poetic gossip as you have to spare. I have an hour on my hands, so, as there is no mischief to be done in this innocent country district, I am reduced to tea and talk."

"I will make you the choicest cup of tea, Mr. Carington," said Elinor, and deftly carried out her promise. "Now, please tell us whether there is any news interesting to ladies. I like being here amazingly, but I begin to wonder whether anything ever will happen. Will it?"

"Something happens every instant," said Mr. Carington, with a smile, sipping his tea with a very satisfied air. He liked his position; liked both women, each in her way; knew the secrets of both, and was amused by them. "This is a whimsical world," he went on; "while I am drinking this delicious cup of tea, something may be occurring a hundred or a thousand miles off that may to me be of enormous importance: it may make me a millionaire or a pauper, a wise man or a maniac."

"I differ from you," said Elinor, laughing gaily. "You are wronging yourself, Mr. Carington."

"How so, young lady? Come, what matter have you for argument?"

"O, I am not going to argue," she said; "but I am not prepared to believe that any event could drive Mr. Carington into a state of lunacy."

"I suppose it would be rather a difficult matter," he replied, not ungrateful for her appreciative little speech, and quite conscious that nothing short of a crushed skull could injure that coolly moving brain of his. Indeed, I think he found it sometimes almost too good a machine. "But now," he went on, "I have something to tell you, my little Raffaella, and I am uncertain whether I shall tell Elinor . . . or send her away while I communicate what I have heard. She might be of use if you were to faint, but then she knows nothing about conspiracies."

"O yes, I do, Mr. Carington," says Elinor, indignantly. "You *know* I have read *Julius Cæsar*. Yes, and I have read Ben Jonson's *Catiline*."

"Isn't she delightful?" asked the Marchesa. "I call her *Mamma*

sometimes, she takes so much care of me ; but now and then she gets into these funny childish moods, and then I call her *Baby*. But what is your wonderful news, sir ? Why am I to faint ? *Faint*, indeed ! *Mamma*, is there any *eau-de-cologne* ? ”

Mr. Carington laughed.

“ Did you ever see a conspirator, Elinor ? Would you believe this little woman in white, whom you are so tenderly nursing, to be one of the most dreaded conspirators in Europe. She is, in sober truth. She has upset several monarchs, and caused several great battles. I have imprisoned her here, and made you her unconscious gaoler, to save an empire or two that she was bent upon destroying.”

Elinor looked at him greatly puzzled ; there seemed a strange blend of jest and earnest in his speech . . . even in its tones.

He was holding in his hands a journal which contained the account of the discovery of poor Number Six's body in that hideous old Red House by the Thames. He showed it to the Marchesa, and asked her to read it. As she read her eyes brightened, the colour came into her cheek, her white teeth pressed almost too keenly on her rosy under lip. She showed no sign of fainting.

“ You think HE did that ? ” she said, returning the paper to Mr. Carington.

“ I feel sure.”

“ God will punish him,” she cried, excitedly. “ O what a wicked fool I have been ever to help that vile wretch in his cowardly villanies. Thank you, thank you a thousand times, for bringing me away as you have. Did you think this would frighten me ? Do you think I care for my own safety ? I would go straight to that man this moment, and run into his cowardly heart this dagger.”

As she spoke, this mere infant of a woman amazed Elinor, by pulling up the soft folds of her attire, and snatching from a sheath made to depend on her garters a bright thin blade of steel that would certainly reach the heart of any gentleman who had one. Elinor, ignorant of such strange Italian customs, could scarce believe her eyes as the tiny Marchesa, springing from the sofa, held this fatal weapon glancing in her firm white hand.

Mr. Carington took things coolly enough.

“ *Raffaella*,” he said, earnestly, “ I am glad to see you are not frightened ; but that you are angry. You will in future take my advice, I hope.”

“ Always, Frank, always.”

“ That villain will come to an evil and disgraceful end, but it must not be by your stiletto, *Raffaella*. Let me see it.”

She handed it him obediently. He tried the temper of the shining blade with the air of a man who knew steel from iron.

“ Yes,” he said, “ a pretty toy for a lady, and pretty straight you might drive it into that cruel coward, that sordid fool. But you were not meant to do such dirty work, my *Raffaella*. So dismiss the

idea, and remain quietly here. Elinor, child, you look amazed, if not alarmed. Ask Raffaella to tell you all about it. I give her leave ; and keep her here, and make her behave herself, and be her Mamma as before. By Jove, it is an amusing inversion of affairs. Keep her in order, Elinor. She is a mere baby."

"Not too great a baby to use my dagger, Frank, if it became necessary. Often have I longed for the chance."

"Nonsense, Raffaella, be thankful you were never tempted," said Mr. Carington. "Fancy *you* being an assassin. Elinor, don't let this excitable little conspiratress frighten you. She may have her dagger back again ; for, having worn it in her stocking so many years, she would walk awkwardly without it. But listen to her story, Elinor, and learn wisdom . . . not that I think anything could teach you to conspire."

"Indeed, no," said Elinor, earnestly.

"O you don't know," exclaimed the Marchesa, "it's such fun.

"Fun to some and death to others," said Mr. Carington, gravely. Then, putting his hand on Raffaella's pretty flighty head, he said, "Remember Paulovna, my child. But have no fear. The telegraph has already said a warning word to Number One . . . in a cypher he knows full well."

CHAPTER XXXI.

EXCHANGE OF CONFIDENCES.

"The fairy Florentine, the English maiden,
With youthful memories laden,
Talking where noisily the forces flow
From northern summits where still shines the snow,
Would charm Boccaccio."

ONE afternoon of gray mist that had settled down all day upon the fells, making it impossible to see even the mere or the noisy river, the Marchesa, who had been sitting a long time silent, abruptly exclaimed to Elinor, whose long white fingers were busy with work that looked like flowered cobwebs as the fire light shone upon it :—

"Really this is amazingly dull—this gloomy weather. I wish we could tell such delicious love stories as those ladies of Boccaccio in the days of the plague at Florence."

She said all this with such rapid energy that her little dog, Tasso, rushed from the hearth to the door—angrily barking at some imaginary foe.

The Marchesa and Elinor both laughed at the little Italian's vivacity, and her dog's echo of it.

"Now look at those grim fells, as they call them here—round-headed monsters that try hard to be mountains and can't succeed : and then think of the pale rose-coloured peaks that shoot into the

sky like spires of light, and die in the opal splendour of the higher air in Italy! What is the use of such an atmosphere as this? Elinor, let us tell stories."

"I never could. The old maiden lady that took charge of me as a child could; she knew thousands; I believe she made them up as she went on. I thought them better than the *Arabian Nights* or your beloved *Decameron*."

"O! this is rapturous!" cried Raffaella, clapping her hands so that Tasso broke into an *ottava rima* of barks at his fancied foe. "Now you shall tell me all about yourself when you were little, and about the old lady and her stories, and who you are, and why you haven't got any name, and everything."

"O! but you must begin," said Elinor. "I have so longed to know some of your adventures, but didn't like to ask; and I am sure you can tell them so delightfully. Now do please."

"Well," answered the Marchesa, musingly: she had sat on a stool opposite the fire, and was poking Tasso with her white-satin-slipped toe . . . "Well, there is no harm, Mr. Carington says."

"O! do go on, Raffaella. It will be so nice, this gloomy day."

"Turf, flowers, trees, birds, white marble gods and goddesses, fountains, long light lofty rooms full of pictures, a pleasant indolent courtly way of life, my invalid mamma always very kind, but too weak to say much to me—this is most of what I remember when a child. Mr. Carington, who had known my dead father, was the strongest figure in the lazy picture. He was always kind and full of fun: he does not seem to me a bit altered these twenty years or more.

"It was a family arrangement that I should marry my cousin Giovanni, son of my father's younger brother. He was the Marchese now, but most of the property was to come to me. Mr. Carington tried to prevent this marriage. He had heard a good deal about Giovanni that he did not tell mamma and me: still, he told her enough to frighten her. But she was ruled by her confessor, Father Spiridion—the most dreadful man I ever knew. O dear! how I used to tremble when I went to confess to him, and he asked me such wicked questions, and made me do such cruel penances! The father had determined I should marry Giovanni: it was a family compact, he said, and to break it would be impious, and the Pope had already granted a dispensation, and we dared not insult the Holy Father. So I was married to Giovanni, who liked me very well as his cousin, and was glad of my money, but who never cared for me as his wife. He had formed a set of low companions, some of each sex, with whom he spent all his time engaged in dissipations I did not understand. He was several years older than me, and when he deigned to come home he treated me just as if I were a child. We never occupied the same apartment. He used to laugh at me as a baby, and to point out some giant peasant-woman that passed the window as the sort of companion he preferred. Father Spiridion tried vainly to

keep him in order: and it was, I think, a relief to everybody—certainly it was to me—when he was stabbed in some mysterious quarrel, and his body thrown into the Arno.”

“What a wretch!” said Elinor. “What a hideous husband to have! Still, he was not your husband, dear Raffaella: and you ought to have married again, indeed you ought.”

“O, I meant to, quite! Mr. Carington has often scolded me for not doing it. I have plenty of money,” Raffaella said: “the palace at Florence is mine: Giovanni’s dissipations were low and cheap, not the princely extravagances of a great noble whose family name is in the Book of Gold. But I went to Paris, and there I met with some mysterious people who talked in whispers of the freedom of Italy, the abolition of the Pope, and lots of other things which were to be done by their secret society. I know now they were told to make my acquaintance by——”

She hesitated.

“By whom?” asked Elinor.

“Ah! that is one thing I dare not tell—I will call him Lucifer—Prince Lucifer let us say, to be reverent.”

Again Tasso barked at her vehement laughter. She was brave enough now to laugh even at that “dreaded name of Demogorgon,”

NUMBER ONE!

“Yes, Prince Lucifer had seen me, I won’t say where; had even spoken to me, being most amiable, so far as a fiend can be amiable; had thought I might be useful. His satellites surrounded me—I like mysteries: I wanted to see the glorious old days of my Italy renewed—days when Venice ruled the sea, and Florence the mind of the world—when the Pope was a Power. I hated modern popery, all weakness and intrigue: hated Father Spiridion, and all the church for his sake: and so I turned conspirator. And then I found I could not marry, or do anything else, except what I was told. Now I have always hated doing what I am told; but I had this compensation, that there were people beneath me who had to obey my orders without daring to ask why. Well, I am not going to tell you any more of my conspiracy, for I am tired and ashamed of it all; but I should still have been going on if Mr. Carington had not suddenly spirited me away one morning in my sleep, and hidden me in this cosy castle.

“And, O! what fun! Prince Lucifer must be in such a dreadful state of fear because he can’t find me. He is the most contemptible coward I ever knew.”

Another occasion arose for Tasso’s inexhaustible chorus.

“You must marry now, Raffaella,” said Elinor. “Young and pretty, and rich, you can choose somebody who will make you happy.”

“O, I’m happy enough: and they would consider me quite an old woman in Italy. No: you are the girl to marry; and Mr. Frank Noel seems to think you so. When is the wedding to be? Come, confess.”

"You are not Father Spiridon," said Elinor. "How can I possibly marry without a name? No clergyman dare solemnize the ceremony."

"We'll give you a name. Come, I'll write and tell Frank that I have adopted you, that you are now Elinor Ravioli, and that he will have to ask my permission before marrying you. That will do delightfully."

Tasso was at it again, drowning the silver chimes of an ornamental clock that just then played some wonderful old air.

"Now, Elinor, your story, please. It will be twice as good as mine, I know."

"Indeed not. It is very quiet. I do not quite know how I lost my mother: she died when I was a baby: papa had gone abroad some time before I was born, and there came news he was drowned at sea, and I suppose the grief killed her. I do not even know what happened next, except that Mr. Carington, who was papa's friend, as he seems to have been almost everybody's, was in some way able to take care of me. He has never told me anything of this part of my life. When I begin to remember anything at all distinctly, it is a quaint old farm-house, not far from Kingsbridge in Devonshire, and also not far from the sea. It was a low irregular house of red bricks, covered with jessamine and ivy, with a great yard in which it was my delight to see the cows milked, and in time to milk them myself . . ."

"O, Elinor, you could never have milked a cow! Why, I would rather be in twenty conspiracies! Didn't they kick?"

"Often: knocked the pail over: knocked me over too. Well, besides there was such a nice square walled garden, two sides covered with magnolia, and one with a great lemon tree under glass like a bookcase, that bore hundreds of such fragrant lemons. There was a little front garden, full of myrtles and old-fashioned flowers, with a wicket gate that led on to a bit of common, and right opposite you was the sea, with rich lovely sands, pleasant to my naked feet when I used to undress in a corner of the rocks in the early summer mornings, and scamper down them to hide myself in the water.

"But this was afterwards. I never could tell a story right on, as you do, Raffaella. Miss Ford kept the farm: I was made to consider her a second cousin of mine: a tall thin active pleasant old lady, whose great bunch of keys jingled and whose black silk rustled through the house perpetually. She was very strict and very kind; insisted on church twice a day of Sundays, with church catechism and collects, epistles and gospels, in between; let me read on other days most delightful old books in ancient bindings that crowded the bookshelves in a room called the red parlour, where everything was bookshelf and window seat and corner cupboard, and which had the most charming bay window looking on the garden of the lemon tree; made us all breakfast at six and dine at twelve, and gave me such lovely tea in old china cups, with bowls of Devonshire cream and great heaps of

strawberries and delightful quince marmalade, at three o'clock; and sent me to bed by daylight, with a slice of bread and cream for supper, all the year round. She taught me everything I know: she was a wonderful old lady, and rumour said she knew all the Bible and Shakespeare by heart. I learnt to milk cows, and make cream and butter, and look after poultry and pigeons, and a hundred other things. I made very few acquaintances, for it is a lonely corner of the world: and I was very content with Cousin Ann, as I called her, and the lively society of the farm. You have no idea what fun can be got out of horses and dogs and cows and sheep and pigs; out of turkeys and geese and fowls. Besides, there were men and lads at work, and one old gardener who was Cousin Ann's factotum, and maid servants, apprenticed by the parish, whom I in time had to help teach, and learnt a good deal that way myself. Rather a different life from your Florentine palace and gardens, Raffaella."

"O, but pleasant and homely, and full of health. I should have liked it. Why see what a woman it has made you, Elinor! And did Mr. Carington come and see you, as he did me?"

"Yes, when he was in England. He was travelling at times. He used to ride over from Exeter—he is very fond of riding—staying on his way at any country inn that he knew. It was a great treat to see him, you may be sure: he used to find out what I had been reading, and tell me what to read next, and wander all over the farm with me, and take me out to sea to catch lobsters with old Boniface, the only fisherman within a mile. Those were the only times when I was allowed to sit up late—late enough, that is, to want a candle to undress by. Cousin Ann always did whatever Mr. Carington asked her."

"A happy kind of life," said the Marchesa. "Better than mine has been: better far. How did it come to an end, my Elinor?"

"Cousin Ann died," answered Elinor, sadly, "and the old farm went to some more distant cousin, with a wife and many children. So of course Mr. Carington took charge of me again: and for a time I lived very quietly in lodgings at Salisbury, with an old lady, a clergyman's widow, who took me in to oblige Mr. Carington. That was very dull."

"So I should think. I think I should even prefer milking cows. But why are you here? and who are you?"

"I am here chiefly because Mr. Carington chooses, but I came first by an accident." Of the Prince she thought best to make no mention, or of her adventures with Frank. "Who I am I cannot tell you: I only know that I am supposed to be in some way related to the Delamere family."

"O let us guess how!" she cried, setting Tasso off again to an extent that would have astonished "Adria's gondolier." "Perhaps you are the Earl's daughter. I do declare there is a likeness. If so, poor Frank Noel will be desperate, for of course you will want to marry some great prince."

"O, I am not his daughter: I don't believe he ever married. He has led a curious life, but I like him much better than I thought possible, from all I had heard. No: I suppose I am a poor relation, and Mr. Carington thinks he ought to leave me a legacy. But I don't care in the least: I stay here because I am told, and because I like it—"

"And like me too, I hope," said the Marchesa.

"Very much, for a conspirator," said Elinor, laughing.

"O you are a conspirator yourself. You are conspiring to marry Frank Noel: that's why you care so little for legacies."

"What a tease you are! How shall I punish you?"

She caught the Marchesa up, as if she had been a child, and placed her right on the malachite slab of a lofty sideboard opposite the fireplace: there, standing between two bronze warriors that carried lamps on the ends of their javelins, and were rather taller than Raffaella, she looked a living statuette, shrouded in ermine and swansdown. Tasso the while was alternately barking and tearing fiercely at Elinor's gown, which his small teeth seriously injured.

Just in the middle of this romp, who should enter but Mr. Carington with letters in his hand? He laughed.

"So, ladies, you have found a way to amuse yourselves this dull weather. Quite right. Raffaella, you will never be able to get down from that lofty position. You make a pretty ornament. I think I could find a glass case in this big house, that would just suit you. Pray, why have you put the little mischief up there, Elinor—to look at, or to get her out of the way?"

"Both, sir, I think."

"We have been telling each other our stories, Frank," said Raffaella: "and a certain Mr. Noel's name occurred so often in Elinor's, that I couldn't help wondering what relation they could be to each other."

"Or what they intend to be," said Mr. Carington, laughing as he lifted her down. "By the way, I have a letter from Frank Noel which I brought up for you to read. It is so amusing."

"Is the Canon better?"

"Much. And Frank wants to come here and see me . . . I cannot conceive why."

"O!" said Raffaella: "And why does he not come? Somebody will welcome him."

"You, I suppose. The poor boy can't get away . . . don't faint, Elinor . . . because there is a lady in the case. But you must read his letter."

In that letter Frank was impatiently eloquent about his desire to see Carington, but described, with a deal of fun, the difficulty placed in his way, by the presence of that agreeable and astute young person, Miss Gertrude Wilkinson.

(To be continued.)